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(A Literary Supplement is issued with this number.)

## NOTES.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR'S compliment to Lord Salisbury's Constantinople policy is rather a left-handed one. True, he says, we have succeeded in maintaining "what is called" the Concert of Europe ; "but I have, with sorrow and reluctance, also to admit that the European Concert, which has been thus successful in deferring the reopening of the Eastern Question, has not been equally successful in inducing the Sultan to adopt those reforms in the administration of Turkey, in the absence of which, I fear, it is impossible to hope that the reopening of the Eastern Question will be indefinitely deferred." Another Cabinet Minister, Sir Matthew White Ridley, was equally candid in admitting that the Government had not been able to improve the condition of the Armenian people. This is the kind of success which the man in the street, who is no diplomatist, is apt to confuse with failure.

No one expects Mr. Balfour to know anything of the *tripotage* of the Stock Exchange. But this laudable ignorance rather discounts the value of his conviction that "those engaged in the recent operations in the Transvaal" have not been animated "by mean, sordid, or personal motives." However, Mr. Balfour's declaration that, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, it is impossible for the internal policy of the Transvaal to continue on its present basis is very important, far more important than his assertion of England's control of President Kruger's foreign relations, a position which, as Mr. Balfour truly observed, no one disputes. The meaning of this pronouncement is that the Uitlanders are no longer to be put off indefinitely with mere promises, and that, whatever view the Volksraad at Pretoria may take, political rights on reasonable terms will have to be extended to the newcomers. In fact, Dr. Jameson's raid has had the effect of the explosion at Clerkenwell Prison : it has forced the British Government to take up a question which it was willing enough to let slide. Let this be remembered to Dr. Jameson's credit, whatever the lawyers may decide to be his offence.

Those who think that the Transvaal crisis is over live in a fool's paradise. It is only just beginning. At the time of going to press Dr. Jameson and his troopers had not yet been transferred to the custody of the Governor of Natal, but the High Commissioner had left Pretoria for Cape Town, and Mr. Rhodes had sailed for England. Sir Hercules Robinson has cabled to Mr. Chamberlain that the arrested Uitlanders are to be tried for treason, and that the Boer Government has documentary evidence to convict the Chartered Company of complicity in the great plot. There will be bargaining about the indemnity and about the political reforms.

Mr. Charles Leonard, the Chairman of the National Union, has not been caught, and no explanation is forthcoming as to how men accused of political offences against the Transvaal could be arrested in the Cape Colony. The managers and engineers of some of the leading mining companies in Johannesburg, such as the Consolidated Gold Fields and the Oceana, are in prison, and the wildest rumours are current as to the confiscation, under the Transvaal law, of their property. The Volksraad has adjourned till May, and the intervening three months will be fully occupied in evolving order out of this chaos.

On one point all men seem to be agreed—that Sir Jacobus de Wet, the British Agent at Pretoria, has proved to be a perfect nincompoop. How is it that Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir Jacobus de Wet did not know what President Kruger knew, what the German Emperor knew, and what, indeed, every clerk in Johannesburg has been gossiping about for the last six weeks? Sir Jacobus de Wet now says that he wrote freely, fully, and regularly to Sir Hercules Robinson about the state of things in the Transvaal. Will these despatches be laid upon the table of the House as soon as Parliament meets? Or will they, after the usual manner of Colonial Office Blue Books, be produced eighteen months hence? No Government in the world is so badly informed of what is going on in the world as our own.

That Mr. Rhodes should say that his political career is only just beginning is the obvious remark for a politician to make who has turned forty, and who has got himself into a tight place. Very clever, though, is Mr. Rhodes's telegram to the Americans, telling them that all his mine-managers are Yankees : it belongs to the same *genre* of politics as the cheque to Mr. Parnell. We cannot for the life of us see where Mr. Rhodes's party is coming from. Mr. Rhodes has climbed into political power on the shoulders of the Dutch voters ; but their leader, Mr. Hofmeyr, who holds the balance of parties in the Cape Parliament, has now turned on Mr. Rhodes, and joins with President Kruger in calling for his punishment. As for the English in South Africa, we doubt whether they will support Mr. Rhodes should it turn out that he was connected with that terrible business at Krugersdorp. Still his boast, commonplace as it is, fills us with uneasiness. As we said last week, Mr. Rhodes has only one trump left with which to take Mr. Chamberlain's trick—the independence of South Africa—and it looks as if he was going "to take the force."

The Jameson myth is being daily washed away by the stream of facts which keeps pouring in. How is it possible, for instance, to believe very strongly in the cry of Britishers in distress when it turns out that a large proportion of the ringleaders in Johannesburg are

Dutch-Africans or Germans? Such are Leonard, Van Hulstein, Sauer, Auret, Langermann, and Fritz Mosen-thal. Consider also the following facts. Mr. Lionel Phillips is the Johannesburg partner of Messrs. Werner, Beit & Co. Mr. Alfred Beit is a director of the Chartered Company, a German subject, and the *alter ego* of Mr. Rhodes in financial matters. He is now returning from Cape Town with Mr. Rhodes. Here is another fact which makes for scepticism. Dr. Jameson has a brother, W. S. Jameson, who lives in Johannesburg, where he is the manager of a mining company, and who has just been arrested for treason. Dr. Jameson was so recently as a few weeks ago staying with his brother in Johannesburg, so that the Doctor must have been perfectly acquainted with everything that was going on in the town.

A letter received in London this week, dated 22 December, from the "Rand Club, Johannesburg," is interesting reading. "Of course X is at the head of it all, and tells me everything. The blow was not going to be struck until the beginning of the year; but J. [Jameson] could not wait, for some reason; so the 28th was fixed. By this time next week everybody will know, and we shall see what the other side will do. I don't believe for an instant they will fight. They will be so taken by surprise they will be paralysed." If this letter is proved to be authentic, of course it is important circumstantial evidence that Jameson's enterprise was pre-meditated. But such documents as this, and the various letters from Matabeleland, which give evidence to the same effect, must be received with caution until their genuineness and their dates are proved beyond question. There is nothing more certain than that men are generally disposed to fancy after the event that they knew of any great occurrence before it took place, and to reinforce their former ignorance or faint suspicions with the certainty that comes later; and this, too, quite in good faith, so completely do they confuse the aspect the affair wore before the event with the aspect the affair wears in the light of discovery afterwards. The proper attitude for the public is a suspension of judgment, or a conclusion, admittedly only provisional, based on a careful calculation of the probabilities. Thus the question whether Rhodes was behind Jameson, and whether the Chartered Company had cognizance of the movement, will, till the evidence has been collected and tested, depend on a careful estimate of the probabilities on either side.

There is a great deal of talk now in the daily press, which is generally stoutly patriotic, about the treachery of President Kruger, the trap into which he drew Jameson and his men, the deception he practised on the people of Johannesburg, and so on. We yield to none in patriotism; but is it not a manlier attitude to look undoubted facts in the face, instead of inventing facts to account for the disaster in ways which, after all, will earn only the contempt of intelligent men? Nobody who remembers that Mr. Eyloff, the President's grandson, rode out to Dr. Jameson to persuade him to turn back in peace, and that Dr. Jameson arrested him, and moreover told him when they parted that his arms would be given back to him in Pretoria, can doubt that Jameson, who had already disregarded orders from his own side, meant to persevere to the bitter end. Kruger did not intend to fight Jameson if it could be avoided. It must be remembered that Jameson's men, if few in number, were a formidable force, and the result might easily have been different; for it is probable from reports that are now coming in that at the final fight at Doornkop a large number of Boers fell chiefly by the fire of Jameson's Maxims. As for the people of Johannesburg, they were certainly far more hampered by Mr. Chamberlain's vigorous action, deliberately intended as it was to paralyse their projected uprising, than by President Kruger's arrangement of an armistice from which the firing of the long battle at Krugersdorp practically released them. Why, too, did they not send Kafir runners to warn him they could give no help? Their fatal inaction may have arisen largely, though not wholly, from the Johannesburgers' overweening confidence in Jameson's little army, whose failure, caused chiefly by insufficient preparations for their perilous march, was

due also to an excessive estimate of their own powers. The arrest of the leaders of the abortive insurrection is, after all, exactly what would take place in any civilized community. President Kruger's cool-headed and humane treatment of Jameson's men relieves us from any fear of excessive punishment falling on the scheming heads of the rich financiers who fostered and developed the revolution in Johannesburg, and who ought not to complain if they have to pay freely for the feebleness of their game of brag.

It is wonderful how self-interest obscures the vision of a nation as well as an individual. For instance, as regards the chief grievance of the Uitlanders (a very great grievance, as we think), that they are taxed and yet are without representation, we should remember that the same injustice on a much larger scale has long existed in our midst. A very large amount of taxation is paid by women who are holders of property in England, and yet are left unrepresented; and there is no Dr. Jameson to chivalrously undertake a raid upon Downing Street on their behalf. They serve the State at least as effectively as the average man, but are denied a share in the privileges of citizenship—an anomaly and injustice, a faint approach to which we very properly condemn in the Transvaal. Our condemnation would, however, be more effective if our own hands were clean.

The evening papers have been very wide of the mark in suggesting a connexion between the settlement of the Anglo-French boundary dispute on the Upper Mekong and any recent *entente* between the two nations. The negotiations which have been going on for some eighteen months were interrupted in May last by a little piece of French filibustering in those parts, but there was never any serious difficulty. Mr. J. G. Scott, our Commissioner, knows every inch of the ground, and he has of late been in London, his assistance being naturally in request at the Foreign Office. The ground in dispute was in itself of absolutely trivial importance, but it was essential that we should not permit North-West Burma to be cut off from communication with Yunnan. So long as the trade route through Sumao is kept open, we care little about the rest, and we fancy that when the map is published, it will be found that, although France has got a large slice of territory to which she has no title except through a "deal" with China, England has secured her access to the hitherto isolated South-Western provinces of that Empire.

The net result is that Lord Rosebery's ridiculous buffer State has disappeared, and England and France face each other on the Mekong. The French railway from Hanoi to Lao Kai, which was intended to tap the same district, still hangs fire, and meanwhile our Burmese railway system is being steadily extended. Some day, no doubt, Mr. Hallett's favourite scheme for a railway from Moulmein to Sumao will be carried out, and we shall then be far ahead of any French trade competition. But the natural outlet for the trade of that part of China is by the Yangtse, and no amount of railway building will compensate us if we lose our control of that great water highway. We can allow Russia and Japan to fight it out about Port Arthur, or even Peking, but the Foreign Minister who allows any other Power to interfere with the Yangtse will be past forgiveness.

The most striking thing about the little jingo outbreak of last week was the evidence it gave of the reality and depth of the anti-German feeling among the English populace. We have had little war scares with Russia, with France, and with the United States, but while they excited diplomats and newspaper writers, they left the people utterly unmoved. The display of French or American colours or uniforms in a music-hall ballet, for instance, has always fetched a round of applause, while the German flag has been hissed. But the German Emperor's *gaucherie* was as a spark in a powder magazine, and Mr. Chamberlain's amazing popularity with the crowd dates from the moment when he snubbed the Kaiser. Since the time when "Boney" was popularly depicted as a hideous blood-drinking ogre, there has been no such general outbreak of dislike against a foreign sovereign.



The Triple Alliance, after having dominated Europe for sixteen years, seems to be falling into decay. Its periodical renewal, which is due this year, is treated on all sides as a doubtful matter, or at least as being by no means so much a matter of course as heretofore. The Germans, having monopolized the practical advantages of the arrangement up to the present, and being, moreover, under warm suspicion of having privily made new bargains elsewhere, are naturally silent on the subject. But the Austrians ask aloud what they have gained by the partnership, and the Italians are in flat despondency over the ruin its obligations have entailed upon them.

Throughout Europe, in fact, rumours of present combinations being abandoned and new alliances formed are fluttering every diplomatic dovecote. The New Year, which opened with such stirring calls to arms, seems likely to bring numerous unlooked-for changes on the Continental chessboard. If the two Southern allies of Germany have grown weary of devoting their energies to the task of guaranteeing its possession of Alsace-Lorraine, it is equally evident that the job of keeping the Russian Despotism and the French Republic in a posture of sympathetic affection grows increasingly difficult. To the outside observer, the element of pretence in this Cronstadt-Toulon flirtation was palpable from the first. The participants now show signs of yawning over their artificial work. In the long run, nations, like individuals, are swayed by their sense of affinity, and the natural ally of the modern Germans of the Empire is Russia. The logical effect of Bismarck's creation has been to move Germany eastward, and to separate it by an ever-widening gulf from the freer impulses and institutions of Western Europe. This inevitable force has been too strong for the German Emperor, who started out sincerely enough as a working-man's Emperor, and has been pushed into the position of an infallible autocrat. That he should be anxious now to shake off useless Italy, and bring Austria and Russia together in a new League of the Three Emperors, is thus intelligible enough. But such a combination, or even an attempt to form it, will liberate other nations from existing ties of interest or fear, and probably hasten forward that violent recasting of the map of Europe toward which apprehensive eyes have so long been cast.

The Foreign Office and the Colonial Office are described as busily at work getting up a complete statement of Great Britain's case in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, to lay before Parliament when it meets three weeks hence. The mere announcement of this fact has had such a soothing effect on American public opinion, in its present mollified state, that we can only regret it was not available for use a month ago. Similarly one could wish that the alternative of England's coming to a direct understanding with Venezuela, which was definitely suggested in President Cleveland's Message, had been kept more clearly in view by the disputants on both sides. The Americans seem to have convinced themselves, all at once, that the British Government has decided to adopt that course. We have no information here which justifies such a belief, but in the absence of knowledge it is as pleasant a theory as any other. At all events, both nations are easy in their minds once more about the whole business, and Mr. Olney's action in placing American citizens in the Transvaal under British protection may not unfairly be taken as an official warrant for this welcome change.

Sir Matthew White Ridley may not be the one member of the Cabinet from whom words of comforting sense and light on a vexed question of foreign politics might have been most confidently expected; but his talk at Newcastle about the Venezuelan difficulty was extremely wise and reassuring. When all is said and done, the main point is that the overwhelming mass of people in Great Britain and the United States alike regard a war between the two countries, over such a trivial matter at least, as a ridiculous impossibility. The sudden appearance on the horizon of what wore the guise of a real menace to Anglo-Saxon progress over the globe served in a day to show what nonsense the

two great divisions of the English-speaking race had been shouting to each other across the Atlantic. The German Emperor's rash telegram produced an effect in America hardly less marked, in its way, than the patriotic commotion it stirred up here. Even the "Jingo" papers on the other side veered round overnight, under the old human impulse to beat off the outsider who strove to take advantage of a family quarrel. From that moment the Anglo-American dispute has worn an entirely different aspect. Nothing tangible has been done towards settling it, yet, as the Home Secretary said, there is not a man who does not now feel in his heart that it will be peacefully settled.

It is not often that a Cabinet Minister has the candour to admit, like Sir Matthew White Ridley, that his Government has failed in anything it has attempted. But the present Home Secretary is distinguished by an unusual amount of clear-headed common-sense, as well as by an entire freedom from that cant which is the besetting sin of the modern politician. Speaking at Newcastle, on Tuesday, of the Armenians, Sir Matthew Ridley had the courage to say that "it was no use disguising the fact that, if they had intervened to save those unfortunate people from the cruel treatment which they were receiving, they had failed to a very large extent." Quite so; but what a criticism on the celebrated Guildhall speech, and the diplomatic genius of Sir Philip Currie! It is a striking instance of the way in which the "Times" is now edited that on p. 6 Sir Matthew Ridley is reported as saying "they had in July the Armenian question to face. It was a legacy from their predecessors. It was not a legacy for which their predecessors were to blame," while in the *précis* of the speech, in the column of news on p. 9, the Home Secretary is made to say simply, "the Armenian question was a legacy to the present Government from their predecessors."

Like Sir West Ridgway's appointment to be Governor of Ceylon, the nomination of Sir Claude MacDonald to be British Minister at Peking has occasioned no little surprise. The explanation is, we believe, to be found in a desire to appoint an able man to a difficult post. Except that he was in Hongkong, some twenty years ago, as a lieutenant in the 74th Highlanders, Sir Claude's experience of the Far East is nil. But he has what was considered preferable, if it became matter of choice—a reputation for ability and diplomatic tact. Union of these qualities with Eastern experience would constitute an ideal. But we cannot expect to find perfection; and it was no doubt held that, if the new Minister possessed wisdom, local knowledge could presently be supplied; whereas knowledge without strength would be a vain thing.

Mr. Alfred Austin has given to our recent severe criticism of his poetry the fullest justification. Immediately after his appointment as the Laureate, the successor of Tennyson, he has, with strange ambition, determined to add to his success by favour in the Palace a success by merit in the Music-hall. In this he has been undoubtedly successful. Nothing could be more suitable to an Alhambra audience than Mr. Austin's pretentious and feeble doggerel. It is, of course, without any claim to be called poetry, and, even as a school-boy's exercise in English verse, its Cockney rhymes and halting metre would deserve nothing but condemnation. But this is not all. If Mr. Austin had read and realized the reports of the battle, he could not have described the Boers as "lying in a hollow with hills behind." As a matter of fact, and as any one might have guessed, they occupied high ground and fired down on Jameson's troopers as they advanced from below. Again, "we plied them with round and rifle." We must suppose either that Mr. Austin thinks that the Boers employed a battery of smooth-bore cannon or that he prefers alliteration to sense, which, doubtless, in a Music-hall ditty does not greatly signify. His diction, too, is as bad as his rhymes; and his lines—here are one or two. "But 'tis bitterly bad to battle;" "Given to weep for woe;" and so on. We lately described Mr. Austin as a suitable successor to Eusden. After reading this firstfruits of the Laureate's genius we feel we must apologize—to Eusden.

## DIPLOMACY AND THE TRANSVAAL.

SINCE the collapse of Dr. Jameson's rash enterprise the High Commissioner has had a work of extraordinary intricacy and delicacy to occupy him at Pretoria. The Boers, flushed with victory, and bitterly resenting the attack made on their territory, were naturally inclined to push their legal rights to extremes, and were with difficulty restrained by President Kruger. Still more difficult was it for an Englishman, an old ally of Mr. Rhodes, to deal with the incensed and angry Dutchmen, and to obtain from them concessions which, while no doubt politic, were at first too evidently against the grain to be favourably considered. Yet Sir Hercules Robinson has managed to bring to a successful issue these difficult and delicate negotiations. From President Kruger and the victorious Boers he has obtained the surrender of Dr. Jameson and the officers and men of the expedition. And now, after robbing the angry Burgers of the prisoners, whom they probably regarded as their lawful prize, he has actually succeeded in winning a public acknowledgment of their approval. His official message to the Premier, published in the "Times" of Friday, 17 January, sums up the work he has accomplished, and adds, "The President and the Executive Council have expressed their warmest thanks to me for assisting in bringing about a peaceful settlement, and the Volksraad by acclamation have endorsed a similar resolution." To have brought about such a result in so short a time is really a triumph of diplomacy, and could have been accomplished only by one who was personally popular with the Boers; by one who, as they believed, wished them well, and whose attitude was fair and conciliatory as well as firm.

Sir Hercules Robinson's appointment as High Commissioner was severely criticized at the time it was made as an appointment made under pressure of Mr. Rhodes. The fact that Mr. Rhodes insisted on the appointment is perfectly true. Sir Hercules Robinson was not only an old ally of the then Premier of the Cape, but, like him, he had won the confidence and liking of the Boer population of South Africa by a policy of conciliation and justice. The fact that is now plain to the observer of recent events is the reason why Mr. Rhodes insisted on the appointment. In Sir Hercules Robinson, more than any one else in South Africa, were to be found the attitude and diplomacy of the ex-Premier in securing the co-operation of the Dutch with the English element of the population in the development of the country. Mr. Rhodes foresaw accurately, as time has shown, the difficulties that would arise in the Transvaal. His policy has throughout his public life been the same—a policy of conciliation and amalgamation—conciliation of opponents, and amalgamation of interests. From this policy it was not likely he would depart. A letter in the "Times" of Friday (17 January) contains the results of a talk with Mr. Rhodes on the situation in the Transvaal. "I asked him," says the writer, "if he had heard that there was on foot an intended rising against the Boer rule, and that arms were being secreted for the purpose. His answer was 'Yes,' but he added, 'I am altogether against the use of the sword as a remedy for the causes of discontent, as things will right themselves in time.'" This has certainly been Mr. Rhodes's attitude in the past. He has reigned in South Africa through his success in combining the interests and fostering the friendly relations of the Dutch and the English, and he has left it with not unreasonable confidence to time to give without bloodshed the supremacy in numbers and in power to the latter. Of course it is possible that Mr. Rhodes may have reversed his former policy, and may be really behind Dr. Jameson. We will not attempt to anticipate the verdict that will follow the inquiry demanded by the Chartered Company, to assist in which Mr. Rhodes is on his way to London. Till evidence is tested and verified, we cannot justifiably accept it. This attitude of suspended judgment may also be applied to a remarkable rumour given in the High Commissioner's telegram to Mr. Chamberlain, also published in London on Friday. "It is alleged that the Government have documentary evidence of a widespread conspiracy to seize upon the Government, and make use of the wealth

of the country to rehabilitate the finances of the British South Africa Company." If this evidence is forthcoming, there is not the slightest doubt that the days of the Chartered Company are numbered, and we look to Mr. Chamberlain to see that the severest punishment is meted out to the guilty conspirators. But mere assertion has been already far too often taken for evidence. For instance, Boer intelligence from Pretoria assured us, only a few days ago, that the Rhodesia Horse were marching in support of Jameson's troopers, an assertion already admitted to be disproved. While fully conscious of the fact of the wrong done to the Boers by Jameson's rash act, we must not forget that the bitter antagonism of the Transvaal Boers to the Chartered Company is no new thing. It is but a very few years since Dr. Jameson himself with Maxims and men stopped the Boers trekking in force into the Chartered Company's territory for the avowed purpose of seizing and occupying it. Mr. Rhodes and his Company are the power which has saved for England all the vast *hinterland* to the North, and thus stopped the expansion of the Transvaal Boers, and incurred their keenest hostility. Mr. Rhodes and his Company are on their trial; but we would not prejudge the case were the accused aliens and enemies, and we do not consider it necessary to do so because they happen to be of our own race and nation.

The news from the Transvaal during the present crisis has been uniformly untrustworthy; and we should be disregarding this patent fact if we accepted any evidence which had not been carefully sifted and verified, much more if we were influenced by mere unproved allegations. Mr. Chamberlain has shown such justice and firmness in dealing with a sudden and alarming situation that we can, we think, depend upon him to insist upon the fullest and most impartial inquiry into the causes of Dr. Jameson's raid and the suspected complicity of the British South Africa Chartered Company.

Furthermore, we would remind Mr. Chamberlain that since it was his action which overthrew the movement at Johannesburg, he is bound to obtain, through diplomacy, the just concessions, especially the rights of citizenship, which the people of Johannesburg had agitated for, and, had not Mr. Chamberlain interfered, might possibly have obtained by force.

## THE RAPPROCHEMENT WITH FRANCE.

THE English people as a whole would much rather have a cordial and sympathetic understanding with the French than anything else that the Continent has to offer. We have said this often, at times when there seemed no reasonable ground for hope that such a relation could be brought about. Now that a rearrangement of European alliances and combinations seems at last to be at hand, this instinctive feeling that we ought, above all things, to make friends with France finds open expression on all sides in these islands. Of course there is an obvious element of opportunism in the impulse to stretch out a hand to the Republic. The German Emperor, and behind him the German press, and apparently German public opinion in general, have showed a spirit of active hostility towards us, and this naturally suggests thoughts of seeking an exchange of ideas with the nation which of all others has the gravest and most irrevocable feud with the Germans. But while the talk of drawing nearer to France might be ascribed by a cynic to a lively sense of our own immediate necessities, it may be said with perfect candour that the desire underlying it has existed for twenty years and more.

Throughout this period the English have been pained, and even bewildered, by the growth and rank development in Paris of a whole school of anti-English sentiment. There is no need now to recall the lengths to which this so-called "Colonial" group of journalists and politicians have carried their hatred and vilification of all things English, or to remember how often their vehemence has availed to shape the action of the French Foreign Office, and sweep along the Chamber of Deputies, into courses inimical to us. And we have a certain delicacy, as well, in touching upon the true inwardness of this organized agitation, as its character has gradually been revealed to the world. The fact that the gross-bodied and stupidly insolent Jew Rosenthal, who as "Jacques St. Cere" led the yelping pack of



Anglophobes, is in prison on charges of blackmail and espionage, throws light enough on the whole matter. From the beginning of the Panama prosecutions to the present time, every Parisian journalist, and almost as certainly every French politician, whose criminal practices have brought the police down upon him, has been an eager and determined anti-English agitator. This inevitable conjunction of violent anger against Great Britain with corruption and swindling associations was long ago noted by M. Rochefort and other shrewd observers. The most recent developments must have made it clear to a larger public in France. That there are numerous sincere enthusiasts among M. Deloncle's followers, in and out of Parliament, who really believe that opposition to the British all over the globe is a high patriotic duty, is not impossible. But if there are such, they must be blind indeed if by this time they have not discovered that the movement is in the hands of mercenaries, or worse. When the position of the British Ambassador in Paris was a particularly difficult one, a year ago, M. de Blowitz ingenuously explained in the "Times" that Lord Dufferin was placed at a great disadvantage as against his diplomatic colleagues, because he alone among them had no Secret Service fund at his disposal with which to bribe the blackmailers of the press. This frank statement, it may be remembered, caused a great commotion in Parisian journalism, and threats of duels and of formal expulsion from the Parisian equivalent of our Institute of Journalists ran high—for a week or two. Then the tumult mysteriously subsided, and the ruffled feathers prudently smoothed themselves. If an investigation had been persisted in, it is apparent that damaging revelations could even then have been made. It had not escaped attention, even a year ago, that those who were loudest in the anti-English crusade were most clearly of the opinion that the continued nursing of the grudge against Germany was a mistake. The trial of the Norton gang of forgers, whose attempt to blacken the character of our diplomatic representatives in Paris must have been paid for by people whose aims were political rather than financial, raised some curious suspicions. The still more sensational discovery and punishment of the treason of Captain Dreyfus, a rich member of a millionaire family to whom monetary gain could have been no object whatever, greatly enlarged and confirmed these suspicions. Now we have the case of Rosenthal, who is alleged to have combined with his functions as a public enemy of England and a private blackmailer the duties of a German spy. Happily, the other harpies who have been arrested with him for swindling the poor "petit sucrier" are also professional dabblers in international politics, and the investigation of their papers and relations to one another may not improbably afford fresh clues to the conspiracy which the other crimes we have mentioned suggested.

But all this is external to the people of France. Their conception of the duties of newspapers, and their responsibility for the character of their press, are alike different from ours. The English public have been able to recognize this fact, and to preserve a friendly liking for the French, at times when the journalists of Paris were doing their utmost to exasperate and offend. Now, with the perception that the group of political writers whose effort it has been to embitter relations between the two countries is discredited, there arises the hope that the way has been cleared for a better understanding with our neighbours across the Channel.

It may be said frankly that the initial mistake was our own. It was a foolish thing for England to join the other monarchical nations of Europe in an official boycott of the Exhibition of 1889. We gave serious and lasting offence to the Republic for the sake of keeping in line with the crowned heads whose dynastic traditions revolted at a celebration of the taking of the Bastille. The act was not popular here, where we maintain the Crown upon an infinitely firmer, but totally different, foundation from that on which it rests in any Continental State. Our rulers did it to please the royal caste of the European Courts, and within two years we were repaid for our folly by seeing the most mediæval of autocrats, the Czar of Russia, step into the place we had forfeited, and make friends with the Republic which we had been

too royalist to conciliate. When Alexander III. permitted his naval bands to play the "Marseillaise," the French could not but recall our own sheepish conservatism with anger.

But that political blunder, too, may be described as external to the English people. If France has now a Premier and a Foreign Minister who are too wise and too strong to be "rushed" by the speculative Colonial party, England has a Government which may be trusted not to repeat the gratuitous error into which Lord Salisbury was led in 1888. No English party has any longer a quarrel with the Republic as a Republic. On the contrary, seven years' added contemplation of the militarism which Germany has imposed upon Europe has borne all classes of British opinion a long way in the other direction. We therefore welcome heartily the intelligence that a basis for settling the Mekong dispute has been agreed upon between London and Paris. The same spirit should avail for an amicable arrangement of the outstanding Niger, Newfoundland, and other differences: and we confidently believe that even the larger question of Egypt will not present insuperable obstacles to friendliness.

#### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF GERMAN EMPIRE.

TO-DAY Germany celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the new Empire. The old men who made it are gone, all except one who broods in lonely dignity at Friedrichsruh, and the young man who entered gaily into the inheritance which others earned for him will deliver half a dozen self-glorifying speeches amid the applause of those who depend on his smile for promotion. Here in England we can appreciate the situation disinterestedly, having every friendly wish for Germany—who, on the whole, has kept the peace in Western Europe for a quarter of a century—as well as for France, who has so often disappointed her best friends, but who, in spite of all, has by the charm of her genius retained the respect and the regard of the world. We may take advantage of the occasion to cast up a balance, and consider the gains and losses from the events of the winter of 1870-71.

The casual newspaper reader has no hesitation about it. Germany, he will tell you, has advanced by leaps and bounds. In population, in manufactures, in commerce she has increased, while France has almost stood still. It is asserted, he will say, that the German army of 1896 is as much ahead of that which came to "attention" with mechanical precision in response to the telegram of July 16, 1870, as that, in its time, was superior to the bewildered levies of Louis Napoleon. A colonial Empire, too, and a navy, small but efficient in every detail, have been added, and, when compared with foreign nations, Germany is perhaps as strong absolutely and relatively as she was twenty-five years ago. France, our informant will urge, has made many blunders; she has wallowed in political and financial scandals; with infantile simplicity she allowed herself to be directed into colonial aggression against Italy, Spain, and England in turn, till she was left without a real ally in Europe. No one, however, we say, who has kept in touch with independent and non-official thought in Germany during the last two decades needs to be told that this complacent summing up of the situation does not present the whole truth. The Fatherland is strong in respect of foreign attack; but most of the great achievements, of which the unity of the Empire was to be the forerunner, remain unaccomplished. Germany dominates continental Europe by force of arms; but in all that is worth fighting for—in literature, art, and science, above all, in mental and political freedom—she is a less conspicuous figure in Europe than she was a generation ago.

"We must guard for half a century," said Count Moltke, "what we have gained in half a year." With characteristic thoroughness German officialdom set to work to create that impregnable guard, and although half the allotted period has expired, the preparations have never slackened. No Power, no combination of Powers, has ever produced such a fighting force as Germany could put in the field within five days of a declaration of war. The admonition of the grim old *Siegesdenker* has been obeyed to the letter. But a states-

man has to look further than a soldier and to inquire whether too high a price may not be paid for armed strength? The Nation in Arms was a grand conception; but if the heart of the nation is filled with hatred and discontent against its rulers, what is likely to be its efficiency? The fact that the Socialist vote—avowedly hostile to the Empire as at present constituted—is the largest cast by any German party is a dubious testimony to the success of that Empire.

Assuming, however, that the army is perfect, and that discipline will extinguish individual discontent, we have to apply the other great tests of successful government in the matter of foreign and domestic policy. Has the Empire increased its friends and diminished its enemies at home and abroad? We fancy that to neither of these questions will the answer of history be satisfactory. On that 18 January when Count Bismarck was able to shout in exultation, "Die deutsche Einheit ist gemacht und der Kaiser auch," Russia was in cordial *entente*, and England was decidedly friendly; Austria and Italy were doubtful. To-day Germany has Austria and Italy in close alliance; Russia is doubtful, and England in process of alienation. The net result may appear to be about the same; but the Triple Alliance has feet of clay; for who can say how long impoverished countries like Austria and Italy, with absolutely nothing substantial to gain, can continue to bear the terrible weight of their armaments? Italy has got Rome, and has grown resigned to the loss of Tunis; Italia Irredenta is a half-forgotten dream. She has no real cause of quarrel with either of her neighbours, and yet she must wait armed to the teeth, with the constant risk of having Genoa or Naples blown to pieces by the French fleet. Austria has gained the splendid prize of Bosnia, and her chances of Salonica are likely to be improved rather than weakened by coming to terms with Russia; yet she, too, must go on adding battalion to battalion for the sake of the Triple Alliance.

But if the prospect abroad is doubtful, what shall we say of the prospect at home? Prince Bismarck's two great domestic undertakings, carried on with unsparing ferocity, were the *Kulturkampf* and the *Sozialistenhetze*. Into each he entered with boastful confidence, and in each he was utterly unsuccessful. "Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht," was his cry in the Reichstag when the Pope refused to receive Prince Hohenlohe; the religious Orders were expelled, bishops and archbishops imprisoned and driven from their sees; but at the end victory rested with the Church, and quite recently the body of the great Archbishop has been borne in state to its resting-place in his cathedral, from which he had been driven as a malefactor twenty years before. The journey to Canossa was accomplished, and William II. wisely pointed the way. As regards the second group of "enemies of the Empire," the Socialists, the immediate future is more doubtful; but it appears likely that the young ruler intends at an early date to renew with all his force the battle in which Prince Bismarck was worsted. The Imperial Guards have already been warned that they must, if necessary, shoot down even their brothers and fathers in the streets, at the order of their War Lord. This will not be a new sensation for Berlin, although it is nearly fifty years since cannon was heard in its streets—since the "grapeshot Prince" had to fly for his life to England, while his brother, the grand-uncle of the young Emperor, was compelled to stand with head bared in token of submission to the people as the dead bodies were carried past his palace. But we may assume that William II. is of better fibre than Frederic William IV., and that the victory will rest with the troops. What then? So long as the Socialists triumph at the ballot-boxes, the clearing of the streets will be a barren triumph. When the Empire was founded the feeble protests of Jacoby and of Bebel and of Liebknecht were easily silenced in prison; but the party which then could only muster four thousand votes now counts its electors by millions. What will be the next step? Is the Constitution to be suspended? Is Russian absolutism to have an advanced post at Berlin?

Considerations such as these make men thoughtful and downcast in Germany. The Empire has brought them glory, but it has not brought them peace. It has produced no statesman, no party leader, not even a

party grouping out of which a leader might grow. In the place of William I. and Bismarck, Moltke and Von Roon, Lasker and Windthorst, they have a rash young man, whose vanity or whose temper may any day set Europe at war. It was not for this that the men of the forties dreamed of a United Germany. One of their poets wrote of the longing of the scattered and discouraged patriots as a kind of *Heimweh*. If Germany had a poet, he might write to-day of that bitterer pain that comes to the returned exile when he regains his home—and loses his illusions.

#### THE STRENGTH OF OUR NAVY.

"THE Royal Navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength—the floating bulwark of our Island."

So wrote Sir William Blackstone more than a hundred years ago. And what was true in his time is true in our own. In these dark days, when so many things seem failing us, the Royal Navy happily remains more than ever the "greatest defence and ornament of England," the "floating bulwark of our Island." It is natural that in a day when every man's hand seems to be against us, men should look with peculiar interest upon the navy, and should inquire with anxious minds whether our "floating bulwark" be still able to protect us.

"Is the navy strong?" is the first question to be asked: to that question there can be but one answer, "Yes." "Is the navy strong enough?" To that question the answer must be an equally emphatic "No." That the navy is strong, stronger than it has been during the memory of living man, is a fact altogether beyond doubt. For fifteen years past I have seen every addition that has been made to the fleet, and only those who knew what was the condition of things at the beginning of that period compared to what it is now can fully appreciate how enormous the increase of strength. Nor has it been in ships only, or even in men and ships, that the improvement has taken place. During the last five years there has been a thorough change in the whole spirit of naval administration and naval preparation. For the first time for many years the navy has been prepared in peace-time for the contingency of war. This may seem an extreme statement, but I am confident that every one who is familiar with what has been going on in a hundred small ways, who knows how intelligent preparation has taken the place of soulless routine, and how "Blue-book facts" have been replaced by real facts, will confirm what I say. The navy at the present moment is beyond doubt very strong. But is it strong enough? Clearly not. There was a time when it would have been dangerous to be so positive. There was possibly a time when the fear of a combined attack on this country was so remote that our preparations might have been considered adequate and reasonable.

But that time, if there ever was such a time, has passed away. There is no doubt about the present situation. We of the British Empire want to fight nobody; but it appears that half the world, led by the German Emperor, wants to fight us. The situation, therefore, as far as we are concerned, is simple. It is our duty to provide ourselves with a force adequate to protect ourselves, not only from any quarter, but from all quarters. When we have done that, we can afford to sit still, and to let our various friends who have decided to share our skin make up their respective minds as to who is to begin. It was probably quite plain to most people a month ago that a big addition to the navy was essential. What was plain to most people then, is now, thanks to the Emperor, an axiom to everybody. What, then, can be done, or ought to be done, to strengthen the navy? "Tot homines, tot sententiae." Perhaps so; still, there are some things so obvious and so certainly right that they may almost be removed from the field of controversy. But before going into details it is well to clear the ground of one dangerous fallacy that has done a terrible amount of harm in its time. Who was the inventor of the doctrine that "the



British navy ought to be equal to the navies of any two Powers," I know not. Whoever he is or was, he ought to be at the yardarm of one of Her Majesty's ships, supposing that Her Majesty's ships carried such a fitting. The very phrase contains a patent absurdity. If we are engaged with two enemies, we want not to be equal to them, but to be superior to them; to be immeasurably superior to them, to beat them wherever and whenever we meet them. To risk the naval supremacy of the Empire by playing paper games with lists of figures and tables of guns and men is a crime. The moment we have to weigh ship against ship or gun against gun we are on the wrong track. Our superiority ought to be so great and so obvious that all the fine calculations to which we are accustomed, and which differ by units only on the two sides of the account, should be recognized as ridiculous.

But it will be said no one knows in the present condition of naval warfare what constitutes superiority. The statement is true with limitations. Among much that is shifting and doubtful there is a bed-rock of fact to which we can always come down. Whatever else be doubtful, one thing is certain: "two is better than one." The torpedo-boat may be a deception; but the admiral with two torpedo-boats is stronger than the admiral with one. The battleship may not prove to be the decisive factor; but two battleships will, in all human probability, destroy one. Therefore, until we have had the question of types settled by experience, let us follow the only safe rule we have, and let us have enough of all types. Another axiom also to be remembered. Two ships together in one place are stronger than three ships in three separate places. When we tot up our figures, let us remember that in the day of battle ten ships in the Mediterranean will not be in a better position to hold their own against fifteen because there happen to be ten other British ships between the Cape and Hongkong, or even between Portsmouth and Gibraltar.

Having said so much with regard to general principles, there remains to be considered what steps can with advantage be taken for the strengthening of the navy in view of the present emergency. Such measures naturally divide themselves into two classes—those which can be accomplished forthwith by an administrative act, and those, on the other hand, which can only be accomplished after a considerable interval of time and the expenditure of money. With regard to the former, it is probably correct to say that the most effective step that can possibly be taken to strengthen our naval position is to recall the Mediterranean fleet. It cannot be too often and too clearly insisted upon that the Mediterranean fleet, under present conditions, is retained in that sea in defiance of every rule of prudence and common sense. I have elsewhere pointed out on many occasions that an ironclad fleet operating in the presence of a powerful and well-fortified enemy, without the means of docking or repairing, without any protection from torpedo attack, without any proper equipment of light vessels and torpedo-boat destroyers, is in imminent daily danger; nothing but the greatest possible emergency and the most all-important objective can justify its being kept in such a condition. The Mediterranean fleet, added to the Channel fleet and the new Flying Squadron, will give us perfect mastery of all European seas, and if we want to enter the Mediterranean, we can do so at any time. Another thing that can be done immediately, or almost immediately, is to put a modern armament on to our old ironclads. These powerful vessels are rendered practically valueless by the guns they carry. Being slow, they cannot select their range, and there is practically nothing to prevent a modern ship of much inferior power engaging and destroying them at a range at which their old muzzle-loading guns would be ineffective. Armed with a full battery of modern quick-firing guns, these ships would be exceedingly formidable. Another thing can be done at once, and ought to be done—the guns and ammunition intended for the mercantile cruisers should be placed on board those vessels. Both the German and the French ships already carry their guns and ammunition, as ballast in many cases. The actual arming of some of the ships would be a good measure, because it would give an opportunity for gun practice to

the crews. Despite all that has been done to increase the *personnel* of the navy, we are still short of both officers and men. Now is the time to make use of the enormous reserve which we possess in our seafaring and sea-loving population. Let us place a torpedo-boat at every port which will undertake to furnish two trained volunteer crews able to comply with whatever requirements may be laid down by the Admiralty. Every boat so manned will relieve a given number of officers and seamen who are greatly wanted on the sea-going ships, and who know little or nothing of the peculiarities of our home waters. Their places will be taken by men to whom every drain of tide or current, every shoal and every bank, is perfectly familiar. It can hardly be doubted that in the event of war the Government would undertake to bear all war risks as a national loss. By a proper scheme of national insurance, and by that alone, can our shipping be made really independent in time of war. It would add enormously to the value of such a measure if it were announced beforehand. Everything that encourages our own people and makes war seem less attractive to our possible enemies is a pure gain. The proper fortification and garrisoning of Sierra Leone may perhaps be regarded as an emergency measure. It should be noted that the Sierra Leone Artillery, who generally live at Devonport, are now in Ashanti.

With regard to measures which require time, everybody is practically agreed. We want more battleships, and we want more large cruisers. The new cruisers must be more heavily armed than those which we have built of late, otherwise they will be out-classed. It is strange that our constructors seem to have overlooked the fact that British ships must always force the fighting. They say, and say truly, that our ships have an advantage in coal capacity; but it is very little satisfaction to know that you have 300 tons more coal in your bunkers when you are alongside an enemy with whose powerful guns you are unable to cope. The introduction of the 8-inch quick-firer is greatly to be desired. That we shall at length make up our minds to construct armoured cruisers I have very little doubt. Whether we cannot and ought not to make an immediate addition to the fleet by prohibiting the delivery of warships now building in this country to any Government but our own is a question about which there will probably be two opinions. However the law stands at present, it can clearly be altered if necessary, and the desirability of taking the ships obviously depends upon the greatness of the emergency. The Powers for whom they are being built may not be pleased, but self-preservation is nature's first law; and, moreover, it would be hard to find a Power at the present moment that is not already unfriendly to us. The increase of the *personnel* of the navy will require time, but every day that passes without the increase of entries, especially the entry of officers, is a day lost.

Enough has been said to show that, while the navy is undoubtedly strong, many things can be done to make it stronger and to make its strength more available. When all that has been suggested has been accomplished, one thing more important than all the others will have to be done. From our Colonies we have always received most gratifying promises of support in the time of trouble. Up to the present time that support has not been available in any observable form. On the contrary, an emergency has found the Colonies absolutely unprepared, and quite incapable of making any effective contribution to our naval and military strength. But while Canada remains with a militia equipped with Snider rifles, and while the commanding officer of New South Wales reports that, owing to the action of his Government, he cannot even guarantee the safety of Sydney as a naval base, colonial difficulties are continually involving us in the gravest dangers. Let us, then, have a clear understanding with the Colonies. Do they intend to help us in the future, or not? If they do, we can make the Empire the strongest and most unassailable Power in the world. If they do not, then we shall know where we stand, and we can consider, with all the facts before us, what we gain by running so many risks with so little compensation.

H. O. ARNOLD FORSTER.

## THE AMIR AND THE KÁFIRS.

NO Englishman of sense and patriotism would desire at the present time, when the political sky is overcast, to add to the burden and responsibilities of the Foreign and Colonial Departments of the Government, or question the dexterity, courage, and moderation with which they have safeguarded the interests of the country. But the Empire is wide, and troubles and perplexities in Europe, America, and Africa do not free the Secretary of State for India from the obligation of defending the honour of England in Asia, or from endeavouring to remove a reproach of bad faith which is a legacy of the feeble rule of his predecessors in office. A tragedy is now impending for which, if consummated, England will be directly responsible, and of which no time will ever suffice to efface the stain. The country of a lion-hearted race, which for a thousand years has successfully resisted Muhamadan conquest, is about to be invaded by the trained army of the Amir of Afghanistan, with the inevitable result of massacre, outrage, and ruin: for the men who will not accept the hated creed of Islám death or slavery, for the women and girls—as fair and rosy of face as English maidens—exposure in the slave-markets of Badakshán and Kabul and the outrage of forced concubinage in Afghan harems. This will be done with the sanction and in the name of England. Where are the zealots whose tears are not yet dry for the woes of Armenia, an unhappy country for which we are not responsible, whose troubles have been chiefly caused by intrigue, and to encourage whose revolt we have shaken the throne of the only potentate in Europe whose existence is essential to our position and prosperity? Have they no sympathy for an ancient people who have called themselves the friends of the English, and who are now threatened with forced proselytism or destruction?

The district known as Káfiristán (the country of the infidels) is a mountainous region of the Hindu Khúsh, due north of Jalálábád, in Afghanistan. It is exceedingly difficult of approach, and its high mountains and narrow defiles have enabled its brave and sturdy inhabitants to maintain their independence against numerous attacks by their fanatical Muhamadan neighbours. The Káfirs are "infidels" from the Muhamadan point of view, as are the English and all people who do not accept the creed of Islám; but their origin, although doubtful and obscure, presents problems of extreme interest from their supposed connexion with old-world civilization. They claim descent from the Greeks, and it is said that the Macedonians under Alexander the Great acknowledged them as an old Greek colony founded by Dionysus. The story of Hellenic descent is supported by the fair faces and regular features of the people, their dances, songs, and Græco-Buddhistic sculpture, and the fierce determination with which they have defended their mountain Thermopylæ against Moslem invaders. The reputation of the Káfir women for beauty is well deserved, and every Afghan chief endeavours to obtain them for his harem, in the same manner as the Turkish seraglios were filled with the beauties of Circassia. An attempt is now being made by those who would defend an indefensible policy to paint the Káfir tribes as robbers and murderers, whose extermination would signify no loss to humanity; but these are merely the arguments of the wolf addressed to the lamb. The milder social virtues are not to be expected in a wild people, altogether isolated, the object of constant attack by raiders and slave merchants, who have only preserved their separate existence by the same courage and self-confidence which maintain the supremacy of England to-day. The Káfirs possess many of the sterner virtues which are worth all the superficial veneer of a so-called civilization: love of liberty and home, endurance and contempt of death. Nor do they, like the men of Circassia or their neighbours of Chitral, sell their daughters to a degrading servitude. Their country has rarely been seen by Englishmen, so great is the jealousy of the people; and I exceedingly regret that, owing to political complications, I was unable to accept the invitation of some Káfir chiefs to visit it, by the Kunar route, on my return journey from Kabul in 1881. But I have known many Káfirs, and have always felt the greatest interest in this strange and mysterious people,

who, in their poor, blind fashion, have seemed to understand that in England and the great Queen they had protectors in their last extremity.

Now we are told that the last hour of the Káfirs as an independent people has sounded, and that the Amir has determined to subjugate their country. The Afghan commander-in-chief has a small army encamped at Birkot, thirty miles below Drosh, and in Badakshán on the north, and Kohistan on the west, other columns are ready to move into Káfiristán. The "Pioneer," the official journal of the Government of India, declares that "the Káfirs are doomed, for although they may stubbornly defend the difficult passes and defiles that lead to the cultivated valleys, the Afghans are certain to be successful in the long run. They are far better armed than the tribesmen, and their mountain artillery gives them a further advantage. Káfiristán will cease to exist as a separate State within a year."

There is little doubt but that this authoritative utterance is correct, both in its estimate of the means of Káfir resistance and of the ultimate result of the struggle. For it is not to be believed that the Káfirs will make "the discreet and prompt surrender" which a correspondent of the "Times" cynically recommends. It is thirty years ago that the ruler of Badakshán invaded their country with 1,000 men, and succeeded in capturing two villages; but at the siege of the third the people, seeing resistance hopeless, dismantled their houses, and with the beams made an immense pyre, on which they burnt themselves with their women and children. This is how the Káfirs answer the demand to surrender to slavery and acceptance of a hated creed.

The question how far England is responsible for the imminent invasion of Káfiristán should be considered with care and moderation. Unfortunately, the material for a conclusive decision is not available, seeing that the agreement concluded between the Government of India and the Amir of Afghanistan during Mr. H. Durand's recent mission to Kabul has never been published. It cannot be doubted that the Government will hasten to lay it before Parliament at the earliest opportunity. The Chitral Blue Book, however, allows the drift of the agreement, so far as Káfiristán is concerned, to be very clearly seen. On p. 44, in a despatch from the Secretary of State to the Government of India, occur the words:—"The demarcation of the Afghan boundary under the Durand agreement, in which the Amir undertakes to abstain from interference in Chitral, and the transfer to Afghanistan of the whole of the Káfir country up to Chitral." It is true that we had no power to transfer a district which did not belong to us in any way, and over which we had never exercised the shadow of authority or control; but what the Amir doubtless understood by the agreement was, that the British Government would raise no objection to the invasion of Káfiristán and the subjugation of its people. It should further be noted that the action of the Amir has been stimulated by the recent visit of Dr. Robertson, the Chitral Political Agent, with a large escort, to a part of Káfiristán, which has encouraged the Káfirs to look for English protection, and has both irritated the Amir and caused him to hasten his military preparations. Doctors, however brave and resolute, are but poor diplomatists, whether in South Africa or Chitral, and several millions would have been saved to the Empire if they had been confined to their medical duties, instead of having been allowed to engage us in unnecessary quarrels, and confuse situations which they were incompetent to control. In addition to the direct abandonment of Káfiristán by engagement, the British Government is further responsible indirectly, in that they have encouraged the military proclivities of the Amir; the skilled artisans who direct his arsenals and workshops have been knighted; we have taught him to make military roads, and only the other day presented him with 10,000 stand of our newest repeating rifles. These are to be tried on the poor Káfirs, armed with knives and bows and arrows.

The Amir is not to blame. He has long desired the conquest of Káfiristán, and he thinks that the hour is come. He is within his rights, and a holy war against the infidel, with Káfir boys and girls as the prize, will be popular in Afghanistan. Ever since I proclaimed him Amir in Kabul I have endeavoured, when he has been



unjustly attacked, to defend his loyalty, and to interpret his sentiments and policy to the English people. I do not blame him now. But I do blame the late Liberal Government, with Lord Rosebery at their head, who is now whimpering about the Armenians, when he wilfully abandoned a more interesting people, to whom we were bound more closely, to slavery and death. It is not yet too late. The high passes of Káfiristán will be closed by snow until May, and timely negotiation may stay the Amir's hand. There is no occasion to embarrass the Government by discussing the concession which would ensure this; but it may be done without injury to English interests. We appeal to the Patriotic Party which is now in power, and which has shown so jealous a regard for the honour of the country, to endeavour to save the independence of an ancient and chivalrous people, and to refuse to allow the escutcheon of England to be stained with innocent blood.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

LOG-ROLLING *VERSUS* EDUCATION.\*

BY AN EXAMINER IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I SEE no objection to Mutual Admiration Societies; they are institutions which afford much pleasure, and can, as a rule, do little harm. If vanity be a foible, it is a foible well worth cherishing, and will be treated tenderly even by a philosopher. For of all the illusions which give a zest to life, the illusions created by this flattering passion are the most delightful and inspiring. They are so easily evoked; they respond with such impartial obsequiousness to the call of the humblest magician. He has but to speak the word—and they are made; to command—and they are created. A becomes what B and C pronounce him to be, and what A and C have done for B that will B and A do in turn for C. It is a delicious occupation, no doubt, a feast for each, in which no crude surfeit reigns, where, in Bacon's phrase, satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable. It is an old game—"Vetus fabula per novos histriones"—

"'Twas, 'Sir, your law,' and 'Sir, your eloquence,'  
'Yours Cowper's manner and yours Talbot's sense';  
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit:  
Yours Milton's genius and mine Homer's spirit.  
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease  
Weave laurel crowns and take what name we please.  
'My dear Tibullus!' if that will not do,  
Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you."

And there is this advantage. If a sufficient number of magicians can or will combine, these illusions may not only serve each magician for life, but become for a time simply indistinguishable from realities. Now, as I said before, I see no great harm in this. It is, to say the least, a very amiable and brotherly employment; and were it quite disinterested and honest, it would be closely allied with that virtue which St. Paul exalts above all virtues. But everything has or ought to have its limits. When Boswell attempted to defend certain Methodists who had been expelled from the University of Oxford, Johnson retorted that the University was perfectly right—"They were examined and found to be very ignorant fellows." "But," said Boswell, "was it not hard to expel them, for I am told they were good beings?" "I believe," replied the sage, "that they might be good beings, but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden."

To my certain knowledge the author of the book before me is a very good being in every sense of the term, and, so far as I am aware, his friends Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Edmund Gosse are good beings also. Nor is it any discredit to him or to them that they form a Mutual Admiration Society, that they entertain most exalted notions of each other's abilities and each other's performances, and that they are not ashamed to express what they think in very exaggerated terms. I will go further, and say that I am quite willing to attribute to the generous ardour of friendship what might otherwise have

seemed to originate from less disinterested motives—I mean that system of mutual eulogy which has so long been associated with these gentlemen. But Dr. Garnett must forgive me for saying that my patience is now exhausted; that, whether he be sincere or insincere, interested or disinterested, I cannot allow the present volume to pass without a protest. The cow is in the garden, and if I cannot drive it out, I can at least proclaim its intrusive presence.

The present volume is not addressed to the general public. It is nominally edited by a distinguished Professor of King's College, and it is one of a series designed to circulate in colleges and schools: it is a work addressed to the educational world. Its literary merits will probably be dealt with elsewhere, and I merely observe that I have never seen Dr. Garnett's name attached to a book less worthy of him. The work may be described as a complete epitome of the art of puffery. I have no wish to say anything harsh about Professor Saintsbury or Mr. Gosse. The first is simply an industrious man of letters of the average order who has certainly done nothing to entitle his mere *dicta* to be regarded with superstitious respect; of the second I desire to say no more than that I believe he would himself be satisfied with a much more modest estimate of his pretensions to literary authority than Dr. Garnett claims for him. Dr. Garnett's methods of exalting his friends are exquisitely ingenious. The first device is to keep them in perpetual evidence; in parts of the work their names appear on almost every page. Sometimes he approaches them with a sort of awful reverence, as "Mr. Saintsbury more than hints a preference for 'All for Love.'" "Aurenzebe" Mr. Saintsbury considers, in some respects, a very noble play." "Mr. Saintsbury himself, though warmly appreciative of Dryden's only original, &c., might, &c." A still more ingenious device is coupling their names on an equality with those of great men. "Macaulay and Mr. Gosse attribute to him a tract," &c. "This poet, who, as pointed out by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Gosse." "Lines quoted with just applause by both Scott and Saintsbury." While quotations from and allusions to his friends are to be counted by the score, classical critics are almost completely ignored. In the chapter on Dryden there is not a single allusion to the criticisms of Wordsworth, of Sainte-Beuve, of Matthew Arnold; only one to Scott, and only one to Macaulay. It may be added that there is seldom or never anything in the quotations themselves to justify their citation; they are introduced simply as the *dicta* of classical critics. And this is the general character of the volume. It is possible that Dr. Garnett may belong to those who think that a living mouse is preferable to a dead lion. And now let us consider what the effect of this sort of thing usually is. We all know that the gentlemen so delicately flattered can "do what they like" in certain reviews and newspapers; that as they have been in the past, so will they be in the future, writers of volumes similar to Dr. Garnett's; and that Dr. Garnett will presumably be, as indeed he has very amply been already, repaid in kind. The next step will be to get these and similar volumes into educational courses, and on the curriculum of such institutions as the National Home Reading Union. In this there will be no difficulty, for educationists, as well as the publishers, regard, for some inexplicable reason, press notices with superstitious reverence; and so it comes to pass that Dr. Garnett and his friends have no difficulty in taking their place as classical authorities—Professor Saintsbury supersedes Sainte-Beuve, and Mr. Edmund Gosse Matthew Arnold. Thus the whole standard of taste becomes insensibly lowered; men who, if they are destined to become authorities as literary critics, have yet their reputation to make, take the place of those on whose reputation Time's test has set its seal, and literature and education suffer proportionately.

I shall be very sorry if my remarks give pain to Dr. Garnett. It would be no exaggeration to say that there is probably no literary man in England who is not his debtor. For many years he has held a most conspicuous and distinguished position; his unflinching courtesy, his extreme kindness, and his immense stores of information have won the unqualified gratitude and respect of thousands of his fellow-creatures, not

\* "The Age of Dryden." By R. Garnett, LL.D. George Bell. 1895.

here in England only, but on the Continent and in America. How such a man can countenance, much less lend a helping hand to, what he must surely know to be most pernicious both to the interests of literature and to the interests of education, is to me simply inexplicable. Dr. Garnett must be perfectly well aware of the value of what he so preposterously pushes into prominence; he must know all about his friends' "standard editions," of their title to assume the sort of position he assigns to them, and hope that some day he will come also to understand the force of Pope's aspiration—

"Or grant me honest fame or grant me none."

### THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

BY A CYNIC.

THOSE who are familiar with the history of the French Revolution know that Fraternity was quite as important a member of the celebrated trio as Liberty and Equality. One Anacharsis Clootz, presumably a Dutchman, appeared at the bar of the French Assembly in the modest character of Advocate of the Human Race, and proved, to the satisfaction at all events of his audience, that all men were brothers. Seeing that the ultimate question between every two nations, as between every two men, is, as Carlyle put it, Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me? I have been astonished lately by the eagerness of a number of people to prove that nations about to cut one another's throats are in reality blood-brothers, and therefore ought to desist from the operation. During the last three weeks genealogists and ethnologists and philologists have been ransacking libraries and filling quires of foolscap to prove that everybody is the blood-brother of everybody else, and that, as we are all related to one another, the reign of universal peace, tempered by arbitration, ought to be assured. The most unexpected relationships—philological, ethnological, and geographical—have undoubtedly been discovered, at such short notice and with such wealth of learning as to do great credit to Messrs. Dryasdusts. For instance, Mr. Olney, the Foreign Secretary of the United States, addressed a rather brutal and bombastic despatch to Lord Salisbury on the subject of a dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela. President Cleveland followed by hurling at the head of England a Message which I can only describe, in the words of Shakspeare, as "horribly stuffed with epithets of war." Immediately a large number of very worthy persons in this country began to run through a whole table of affinity, proclaiming from the housetops that the Americans were our cousins, our brothers, our uncles, our sons—the degree of relationship varying with the timorousness of the herald—blood of our blood and bone of our bone, our kith and kin, and so on, slightly *ad nauseam*. Well, of course, we have most of us heard of the "May-flower," and know about New England. And no doubt there is a large Anglo-Saxon element in the United States. But, considering that the old families of New York claim to be of Dutch descent, and that, putting ancient pedigrees aside, there is in the United States of to-day a large German population, a large Italian population, a large Irish Celtic population, and a large Scandinavian population, it strikes me as a non-sentimentalist that this frantic assertion of relationship is, in view of the above facts, a trifle ridiculous. Mr. Stead took the trouble in 1893 to analyse the electoral register of Chicago, which is sometimes called the capital of modern America, and he found that the native American voters—i.e. our kith and kin element—were 131,335, as compared with 128,812 foreigners, of whom 45,000 odd were Germans, and over 17,000 were Scandinavians. But let us take another instance from the troubles in which we have been plunged during these astonishing Christmas holidays. Dr. Jameson invaded the Transvaal; the Boers shot some of Dr. Jameson's men and captured the rest; the German Emperor telegraphed to congratulate President Kruger; and it looked very much as if there was going to be war between England, the Transvaal, and Germany. Instantly the ethnologist, the philologist, and the genealogist sprang from the ground like Cadmean warriors, and began proving,

first, that the Boers were the blood-brothers of the Dutch in Holland; second, that the Boers were descended from the French Huguenots; third, that the Boers were the blood-brothers of the Low Germans; fourth, that the English were the blood-brothers of the Dutch in Holland, and consequently related to the Boers; and, fifth, that the English were the blood-brothers of the Germans High and Low. Heaven forbid that I should express my opinion on the dispute as to the linguistic affinity between the English, German, Dutch, and Boer tongues. But is not this whole business a self-cancelling one? For if everybody is the blood-brother of everybody else, what does it matter?

But may I ask whether any educated man believes that a war is averted, or an alliance cemented, between two nations by this pseudo-scientific patter about blood-brotherhood? Two correspondents in the "Times" have been gravely disputing whether Germany's hatred of England is due to Lord Bute's betrayal of Frederick the Great in the year 1760, or thereabouts. Other wiseacres have been asking one another whether a Dutch or a German fisherman would understand the words, "There is water in the milk." And these fatuous conundrums are propounded with all the seriousness of important contributions to the question of peace or war, and as if "the man in the street" was a Max Müller or a Macaulay. I take it that international quarrels are decided neither on philological, ethnological, nor historical grounds. Nations go to war and make alliances with one another according to the dictation of their material interests. The Americans will not go to war with us about Venezuela, because it would not be worth their while. But if it was worth their while, if there were great trade interests in the balance, they would certainly not be restrained from fighting us by the brotherhood theory. On the other hand, we should go to war with Germany about South Africa, because it would be worth our while. "The glory of our common Germanic race," to quote the language of one of the peacemakers in the "Times," would fly up and kick the beam when scaled against the gold of the Rand and the potentialities of Rhodesia. It is not the schoolmaster, but the stockbroker, who makes modern history. This may be a low view of human nature, but it has its compensating effects. It amuses me to observe how quickly a nation changes its bearing to a neighbour who has turned nasty, and how laboriously it endeavours to wrap its selfishness in the silver paper of sentiment. Not six months ago the German Emperor honoured us by his annual visit to Cowes and Aldershot, which drew forth the usual leading articles about the advantages of the Triple Alliance. His Majesty made a triumphal tour through the Lake Country, where the kindly Cumberland folk erected arches in the rain on which they were taught to write "Lang lebe der Kaiser." Now, I believe, Mr. Hayden Coffin is singing nightly, amidst thunders of applause, a song of which the rousing refrain was "Hands off, Germany!" With equal suddenness we have come to the conclusion that we have, after all, a great deal in common with the French. Yes, I see them coming slowly but surely, the Norman noble and the Huguenot emigrant. The Spitalfields weaver and the barber of William the Conqueror are going to be pressed into the service of the brotherhood theory. I am quite certain that the genealogist, and the philologist, and the ethnographer are looking up the Battle of Hastings and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to support an Anglo-French alliance. Personally I am all for a French alliance. I like French novels and French chocolate, and if it pleases the chef at Voisin's to regard me as a blood-brother, so much the better for my digestion. But if it were worth while to argue seriously with these amiable sentimentalists, a glance at contemporary history is sufficient to refute their theory. The Northern and Southern States of North America really are brothers: yet thirty years ago they fought one another with unexampled ferocity over their tariff policy. If there are two nations in the world which have some pretence to ties of consanguinity with England, they are the United States and Germany. Yet these are precisely the two nations by which England is most hated, and with which she runs most risk of going to war. By the way, where do the Irish Celts come in amongst England's brethren? I ask,



because I see that at least one leading Irish organ has been gloating over the defeat of Dr. Jameson in far more cruel and insulting terms than the Emperor William. M. Renan once asked the very difficult question, What is a nation? Consanguinity is far less important in the modern than in the ancient world. The modern nation is a political corporation with a common language and certain common ends, which pays very little attention to the pedigrees of its subjects, its friends, or its enemies. To regard blood as the bond of union is so far from being a civilized idea that it is the most primitive notion of prehistoric man. All this babble about blood-brotherhood is merely the compliment which selfishness pays to sentiment. It hasn't had the smallest effect upon the situation either in America, in England, in Germany, or in South Africa. It is merely the importunate chink of the grasshoppers in the field, while the great cattle chew the cud and are silent. Still, it is a depressing tribute to the power of sentiment, which is an anti-rational force in the government of the world.

#### THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

MY main grievance with regard to the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts is that they are generally too short and too long. Too short, that is, on paper, and too long in practice, owing to an incurable habit to which all "Pop"-goers are apparently victims, the habit, namely, of encoring nearly every soloist. If the programme consists of a quartet, a couple of songs and a couple of instrumental pieces, a violin piece, and a trio or instrumental duet or another quartet for a wind-up, it is more likely than not that the audience will recall the players of the first quartet, demand at least one of the songs and one of the instrumental solos again, and then slink out of the hall in detachments during the playing of the last item. This is either the deliberate result of a peculiarly English illogicality, or implies that the habit of demanding encores regardless of consequences is as overpowering in the "Pop"-goer as the habit of drinking in the dipsomaniac whom it sends into the public-house even when he knows that the indulgence will land him in the next police-station; or else it means that the "Pops" audience likes songs and violin or piano pieces better than quartets. But whatever it may mean, the fact remains that these indiscriminating encores deprive the Popular Concerts of a great part of their usefulness. One can hear singing equal to Popular Concert singing in many places, but quartet playing which is half so good is rare indeed. Of course I prefer Mr. Gompertz's quartet concerts, for I am (as I am told) somewhat singular in my desire to hear the masters' music as the masters intended it to be done; and after all, chamber music is music for the chamber. A Beethoven quartet in St. James's Hall can never make quite the effect it makes in the small Queen's Hall, for the more delicate nuances are dissipated in the vaster space and count for nothing or next to nothing. But Mr. Gompertz gives only a few precious concerts in the autumn; while the fine chamber music may be heard at Messrs. Chappell's long autumn and spring series. All the stronger reason, therefore, why we should hear as much as possible of it, even if we get less solo playing and singing of the sort we can hear anywhere.

Both on Saturday and Monday last the solo playing was decidedly not of the kind that may be heard anywhere. Rather it was of the sort that can be heard nowhere else. Mr. Piatti first appeared at the Popular Concerts half-a-century ago, and only the other day I read a glowing account of that notable début by a critic who would seem to be twenty-five years older than he looks. With rare critical insight the public at once, and the critics soon after, distinguished Mr. Piatti as one of the finest 'cello-players, if not absolutely the finest, who had been heard in England; and the position he then gained he has since held: as an "all-round" 'cello-player he is easily the first. His tone was unique fifty years ago, and it is unique to-day. Something of the old force and fire may have departed, though Mr. Piatti can never at any time have been very

fiery, for light rather than heat is his characteristic; but in point of sweetness and speaking quality of tone, of dainty phrasing, of evenness and general harmoniousness of conception, he is as great an artist as ever. He played a simple sonata of Locatelli last Saturday, so that one might easily have thought it a masterwork, which it is not; and the inevitable recall was for once not misplaced. Together with Mr. Piatti's delicacy and clearness, Lady Hallé has an ever-youthful freshness and force, a piquancy and swiftness, which Mr. Piatti does not possess; but the two artists have a certain resemblance, which may be, as has been suggested, the result of their playing so long together in concerted music. Lady Hallé is no more a profoundly intellectual, or a profoundly emotional, artist than Mr. Piatti is; but she has an irresistible charm which is exclusively her own. And there is plenty of room in the world for those who tickle our musical palates by "legitimate" means—the only objection to illegitimate means being that they do not tickle a healthy palate—as well as for those who stir us deeply, or, like Joachim, turn a kind of intellectual limelight upon whatever they play. And great though Joachim is, there are few, if any, who would change him for Lady Hallé, few who would give her continuous even flow of beautifully toned and beautifully phrased melody for his long spells of mere tediousness and rare moments of wonderful insight. One is almost always sure of an artistic feast when Lady Hallé is down to play a piece by Spohr or one of the lesser masters; for when she is not burdened with the weight of a "message" to be interpreted she cannot be beaten and can scarce be equalled. Such a piece she played on Monday evening, and she charmed us with what the "Musical Times," with infallible literary tact, would call its "pyramidal loveliness."

But what I, for one, want to hear at the "Pops," quite as much as I want to hear the best playing of Lady Hallé and Mr. Piatti, is such specimens of the fine chamber music as the Mozart Trio which we had on Saturday, and the Cherubini quartet in E flat which we had on Monday.

A huge pile of music from the publishers has awaited my attention for some time; but of very little of it can anything be said. Messrs. Augener have sent further volumes of their magnificent edition of Bach's organ works, edited by Mr. Best—the most finely printed and in the long run the most economical edition of Bach's organ music ever issued. The violin, pianoforte and vocal music sent by the same firm, will receive notice with some from other publishers, in a future article. Messrs. Curwen appear to be the only publishers who are endeavouring at present to meet the wants of singing teachers in our elementary schools. The school-songs they send are neither vulgar nor too elaborate for the Board-school juvenile vocalist: they combine most agreeable simplicity and good taste. Moreover, as they are printed both in staff and tonic-solfa notation, the pupil who knows something of the one notation can learn something of the other while singing from Messrs. Curwen's editions. The most striking book before me just now, however, is Mr. Shedlock's edition of two of old Kuhnau's Bible sonatas (intended of course for harpsichord, and first issued in 1700), published by Messrs. Novello in really handsome form. The music has many interests. It is quaint, old-fashioned; it has a historic value, inasmuch as it must have greatly influenced Bach; and it is beautiful in itself. Kuhnau seems to have been a good naïve soul, steeped in the religiosity of his time. He paints "The Combat between David and Goliath," making the Israelites in their distress sing a familiar German chorale. Then David comes on the scene, sends the stone whizzing through the air, and fetches the giant down. He certainly tumbles with a prodigious crash, and the ebbing of his life's blood is graphically depicted. "Saul melancholy, and transformed by means of music" is altogether a nobler piece of art, the opening recitative-like portion and the brooding fugue rising to the level of the greatest masters nearly at their best. These sonatas should certainly be taken up by pianists in search of a novelty. They form, I should say, a companion to Mr. Shedlock's book on the sonata, published some time since; and I understand that Mr.

Shedlock intends to follow them up with a selection from Pasquini and other of the old men. J. F. R.

[We are sorry to hear from Messrs. Hastie that on Mr. Beringer's behalf they are not satisfied with the expression of regret which we published last week and they point out that the words "infamous case" do appear to apply to Mr. Beringer. On reconsideration of the matter, we feel that the article which we published was in so far as it reflected in any way whatever upon Mr. Beringer wholly and entirely unjustifiable, and feeling that this is so, we have much pleasure in saying that in our opinion there is nothing in the whole transaction which in any way reflects the slightest discredit upon Mr. Beringer and we deeply regret that (even at a time of great pressure in our office) we should have inserted an article which could hardly have failed to create a contrary impression.]

With reference to the article in our issue of the 4th inst., entitled "English Music Past and Present," and the remarks therein made upon Sir A. C. Mackenzie, having since our last issue learned that these remarks have given offence, we take this the earliest opportunity of stating, without reserve, that we withdraw and disclaim any imputation upon Sir A. C. Mackenzie therein contained, and particularly any imputation to the effect that he had done anything improper in connexion with the subject referred to in the latter part of the concluding paragraph; and we desire to express our regret that language should have been used which has given offence, and which, on consideration, seems to us to be misleading and unjustifiable.—Ed. S. R.]

#### MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL.

"Michael and his Lost Angel," a new and original Play of modern English life. In Five Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. Lyceum Theatre, 15 January, 1896.

ONE of the great comforts of criticizing the work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is that the critic can go straight to the subject-matter without troubling about the dramatic construction. In the born writer the style is the man; and with the born dramatist the play is the subject. Mr. Jones's plays grow: they are not cut out of bits of paper and stuck together. Mr. Grundy or Sardou, at their respective worsts, perform such feats of carpentry in constructing show-cases for some trumpery little situation, that the critics exhaust all their space in raptures over the mechanical skill displayed. But Mr. Jones's technical skill is taken as a matter of course. Nobody ever dreams of complimenting him about it: we proceed direct to abusing his ideas without delay. This is quite right and natural. If you invent a mechanical rabbit, wind it up, and set it running round the room for me, I shall be hugely entertained, no matter how monstrously unsuccessful it may be as a representation of nature; but if you produce a real rabbit which begins running about without being wound up at all, I simply say "Why shouldn't it?" and take down my gun. Similarly, on Mr. Jones producing a live play, which starts into perfectly natural action on the rising of the curtain without being wound up during an act or two of exposition, I say "Why shouldn't it?" and, as aforesaid, take down my gun.

When I respond to the appeal of Mr. Jones's art by throwing myself sympathetically into his characteristic attitude of mind, I am conscious of no shortcoming in "Michael and his Lost Angel." It then seems to me to be a genuinely sincere and moving play, feelingly imagined, written with knowledge as to the man and insight as to the woman by an author equipped not only with the experience of an adept playwright, and a kindly and humorous observer's sense of contemporary manners, but with that knowledge of spiritual history in which Mr. Jones's nearest competitors seem so stupendously deficient. Its art is in vital contact with the most passionate religious movement of its century, as fully quickened art always has been. On comparing it in this relation with the ordinary personal sentiment of Mr. Grundy, and with those grotesque flounderings after some sort of respectably pious foothold which have led Mr. Pinero to his rescue of the burning Bible from Mrs. Ebbsmith's stove, and his redemption of Mrs. Fraser by the social patronage of the Bishop's

wife, I unhesitatingly class Mr. Jones as first, and eminently first, among the surviving fittest of his own generation of playwrights.

But when, instead of throwing myself sympathetically into Mr. Jones's attitude, I remain obstinately in my own, I find myself altogether unable to offer to "Michael" that final degree of complete sympathy and approval which is implied in the conviction that I would have written the play that way myself if I could. As to the first two acts, I ask nothing better; but at the beginning of the third comes the parting of our ways; and I can point out the exact place where the roads fork. In the first act Michael, a clergyman, compels a girl who has committed what he believes to be a deadly sin to confess it publicly in church. In the second act he commits that sin himself. At the beginning of the third he meets the lady who has been his accomplice; and the following words pass between them:—

*Audrie.*—You're sorry?

*Michael.*—No. And you?

*Audrie.*—No.

Now, after this, what does the clergyman do? Without giving another thought to that all-significant fact that he is not sorry—that at the very point where, if his code and creed were valid, his conscience would be aching with remorse, he is not only impenitent, but positively glad, he proceeds to act as if he really were penitent, and not only puts on a hair shirt, but actually makes a confession to his congregation in the false character of a contrite sinner, and goes out from among them with bowed head to exile and disgrace, only waiting in the neighbourhood until the church is empty to steal back and privily contradict his pious imposture by picking up and hiding a flower which the woman has thrown on the steps of the altar. This is perfectly true to nature: men do every day, with a frightful fatalism, abjectly accept for themselves as well as others all the consequences of theories as to what they ought to feel and ought to believe, although they not only do not so feel or believe, but often feel and believe the very reverse, and find themselves forced to act on their real feeling and belief in supreme moments which they are willing with a tragically ridiculous self-abnegation to expiate afterwards even with their lives.

Here you have the disqualification of "Michael and his Lost Angel" for full tragic honours. It is a play without a hero. Let me rewrite the last three acts, and you shall have your Reverend Michael embracing the answer of his own soul, thundering it from the steps of his altar, and marching out through his shocked and shamed parishioners, with colours flying and head erect and unashamed, to the freedom of faith in his own real conscience. Whether he is right or wrong is nothing to me as a dramatist: he must follow his star, right or wrong, if he is to be a hero. In "Hamlet" one cannot approve unreservedly of the views of Fortinbras; but, generations of foolish actor-managers to the contrary notwithstanding, what true Shakspearean ever thinks of "Hamlet" without seeing Fortinbras, in his winged helmet, swoop down at the end, and take, by the divine right of a born "captain of his soul," the crown that slips through the dead fingers of the philosopher who went, at the bidding of his father's ghost, in search of a revenge which he did not feel and a throne which he did not want? Fortinbras can, of course, never be anything more than an Adelphi hero, because his bellicose instincts and imperial ambitions are comfortably vulgar; but both the Adelphi hero and the tragic hero have fundamentally the same heroic qualification—fearless pursuit of their own ends and championship of their own faiths *contra mundum*.

Michael fails to satisfy this condition in an emergency where a heroic self-realization alone could save him from destruction; and if this failure were the subject of Mr. Jones's last three acts, then the play without a hero might be as tragic as "Rosmersholm." But Mr. Jones does not set Michael's situation in that light: he shares his fatalism, accepting his remorse, confession, and disgrace as inevitable, with a monastery for the man and death for the woman as the only possible stage ending—surely not so much an ending as a stopping up of the remains of the two poor creatures. The last act is only saved



from being a sorry business by the man's plucking a sort of courage out of abandonment, and by a humorous piteousness in the dying woman, who, whilst submitting, out of sheer feebleness of character, to Michael's attitude, is apologetically conscious of having no sincere conviction of sin. When the priest offers his services, she replies, "No, thanks, I've been dreadfully wicked—doesn't much matter, eh? Can't help it now. Haven't strength to feel sorry. So sorry I can't feel sorry." This gives a pleasant quaintness to the hackneyed pathos of a stage death; but it does not obliterate the fact that Audrie is dying of nothing but the need for making the audience cry, and that she is a deplorable disappointment considering her promise of force and originality in the first two acts. A play without a hero may still be heroic if it has a heroine; and had Mr. Jones so laid out his play as to pose the question, "What will this woman do when she discovers that the saint of Cleveddon is nothing but a hysterical coward, whose religion is a morbid perversion of his sympathetic instincts instead of the noblest development of them?" the answer of a capable woman to such a question might have given the last three acts the attraction of strength and hope, instead of their present appeal *ad misericordiam* of sentimental despair and irrelevant bodily disease. But Audrie, though she has a certain salt of wit in her, is as incapable of taking her fate into her own hands as Michael; and the two, hypnotized by public opinion, let themselves be driven abjectly, she to the shambles and he to the dustbin, without a redeeming struggle.

It is clear, I think, that if the public were of my way of thinking, the play, good as it is of its kind, would fail; for the public is not sympathetic enough to throw itself into Mr. Jones's attitude, and enjoy the play from his point of view, unless it can do so without going out of its own way. And I cannot help thinking that the public dislike a man of Michael's stamp. After all, stupid as we are, we are not Asiatics. The most pig-headed Englishman has a much stronger objection to be crushed or killed by institutions and conventions, however sacred or even respectable, than a Russian peasant or a Chinaman. If he commits a sin, he either tells a lie and sticks to it, or else demands "a broadening of thought" which will bring his sin within the limits of the allowable. To expiation, if it can possibly be avoided, he has a wholesome and energetic objection. He is an individualist, not a fatalist: with all his apparent conventionality there is no getting over the fact that institutions—moral, political, artistic, and ecclesiastical—which in more Eastern lands have paralysed whole races, making each century a mere stereotype of the one before, are mere footballs for the centuries in England. It is an instinct with me personally to attack every idea which has been full grown for ten years, especially if it claims to be the foundation of all human society. I am prepared to back human society against any idea, positive or negative, that can be brought into the field against it. In this—except as to my definite intellectual consciousness of it—I am, I believe, a much more typical and popular person in England than the conventional man; and I believe that when we begin to produce a genuine national drama, this apparently anarchic force, the mother of higher law and humaner order, will underlie it, and that the public will lose all patience with the conventional collapses which serve for last acts to the serious dramas of to-day. Depend upon it, the miserable doctrine that life is a mess, and that there is no way out of it, will never nerve any man to write a truly heroic play west of the Caucasus. I do not for a moment suspect Mr. Jones of really holding that doctrine himself. He has written "Michael" as a realist on the unheroic plane, simply taking his contemporaries as he finds them on that plane.

Perhaps it is unfair to Mr. Jones to substitute to this extent a discussion of the philosophy of his play for a criticism of its merits on its own ground. But the performance at the Lyceum has taken all the heart out of my hopes of gaining general assent to my high estimate of "Michael and his Lost Angel." The public sees the play as it is acted, not as it ought to be acted. The sooner Mr. Jones publishes it the better for its reputation. There never was a play more skillfully

designed to fit the chief actors than this was for Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But though Mr. Jones was able to write for Mrs. Campbell such a part as she is not likely to get the refusal of soon again, he had to depend on Mrs. Campbell's own artistic judgment to enable her to perceive the value of the chance. The judgment was apparently not forthcoming: at all events, Mrs. Patrick Campbell vanished from the bills as the day of battle drew nigh. In such an emergency your London manager has only one idea—send for Miss Marion Terry. Miss Marion Terry was accordingly sent for—sent for to play the bad angel; to be perverse, subtly malign, infernally beautiful; to sell her soul and her lover's to the Devil, and bite her arm through as a seal to the bargain; to do everything that is neither in her nature, nor within the scope of her utmost skill in dissimulation. The result was a touching little sham, very charming in the first act, where her entry rescued the play just as it was staggering under the weight of some very bad acting in the opening scene; and very affecting at the end, where she died considerably and prettily, as only an inveterately amiable woman could. But not for the most infinitesimal fraction of a second was she Audrie Lesden; and five acts of "Michael and his Lost Angel" without Audrie Lesden were not what the author intended. As to Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Jones had undertaken to make the actor's outside effective if he in return would look after the inside of the Reverend Michael. Mr. Jones kept to his bargain: Mr. Forbes Robertson was unable to fulfil his. He made the mistake—common in an irreligious age—of conceiving a religious man as a lugubrious one. All the sympathy in the first act depended on his making it clear that the force that swept Rose Gibbard to the altar to confess was the priest's rapturous faith in the gladness of an open and contrite heart, natural to a man made over-sanguine by spiritual joy. Mr. Forbes Robertson threw away all this sympathy, and set the audience against him and against the play from the outset by adopting the solemn, joyless, professional manner and the preachy utterance of the Low-Church apostle of mortification and wrath. It is quite impossible to exaggerate the disastrous effect of this initial mistake on the performance. The more saintly Mr. Robertson looked, the slower, gloomier, more depressingly monotonous he became, until at last, in spite of Miss Terry's spoonfuls of sweet syrup, I half expected to see the infuriated author rush on the stage and treat us to a realistic tableau of the stoning of St. Stephen. What is the use of the dramatist harmonizing the old Scarlet-Letter theme in the new Puseyite mode if the actor is to transpose it back again into the old Calvinistic minor key?

As to the rest, their woodenness is not to be described, though woodenness is hardly the right word for Mr. Mackintosh, in whose performance, however, I could discover neither grace nor verisimilitude. Miss Brooke need not be included in this wholesale condemnation; but her part was too small to make any difference to the general effect. The melancholy truth of the matter is that the English stage got a good play, and was completely and ignominiously beaten by it. Mr. Jones has got beyond the penny novelette conventions which are actable in our theatre. I fear there is no future for him except as a dramatic critic.

The play is well mounted, though the church scene is an appalling example of the worst sort of German "restoration." And it has the inevitable defect of all stage churches: the voices will not echo nor the footsteps ring through its canvas nave and aisles. Mr. Forbes Robertson has been specially generous in the matter of the band. Mr. Armbruster was able to give between the acts a genuine orchestral performance of the slow movement from Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony, and as much of the andante of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony as there was time for.

G. B. S.

### MONEY MATTERS.

THE collapse of the German Emperor's game of bluff, and the more favourable prospect of an amicable arrangement of the Venezuela question, lent quite a cheerful tone to the fortnightly Stock Exchange

Settlement which ended on Thursday. What with the feverish stampede of "bears" and the returning confidence of the investing public, the rebound in prices may be described as general; it was particularly noticeable in Home securities. Consols, which closed last Saturday at 106½, touched 107½ on Thursday, and Home Railways show a rise of prices since last Saturday, ranging from 2 to 5 per cent., which is remarkable.

Money was plentiful during the week, and all Stock Exchange requirements were abundantly satisfied. Fortnightly loans in connexion with the Settlement were arranged at 1½ to 1½ per cent. The rate for day-to-day loans stood at about ½ per cent., whilst ½ to ¾ per cent. was asked for short periods. The discount market was inclined to be easy towards the close of the week; on Thursday three and four months' bills were quoted at 1½ per cent., and six months' bills at 1½ per cent. Home Government securities were strong all round. Indian loans and Colonial stocks also showed an improvement in prices. The Bank rate remains at 2 per cent.

The Settlement in the African Mining Market was very easy this time. Leading specialties were carried over "even," owing to large "bear" commitments, while the rate on other African mines did not exceed 5 per cent. All the prices stood higher than on last Saturday, a fact which is due chiefly to "bear" repurchases and professional dealings. The December output was only 178,428 oz., compared with 195,218 oz. in November, and 182,104 oz. in December 1894. The telegram ascribes the decrease in the output to the scarcity of labour. It was that serious difficulty to which the "Saturday Review" alluded in the last number.

The prospects of Argentina are looking decidedly better. The crops are reported good, the gold premium moves at about 230 per cent. compared with 260 per cent. last year, and the Railway Guarantees Bill has at length passed both Chambers, to the great satisfaction of investors. The preposterous Argentine Debt Unification scheme, which was suggested by the German clique at Buenos Ayres, has fortunately been shelved *sine die*; and we trust that the iniquitous Sugar Bounty Bill, recommended by the same interested clique, will share the same fate. The only cloud at present on the horizon is the frontier dispute with Chili, which ought to be submitted to arbitration before any more money is lent to either country. The decline in Chilean stocks—the last issue is at 5 per cent. discount—is due solely to political apprehensions connected with the frontier dispute. With regard to Uruguay, there is a project of starting a National State Bank by an issue of new Government bonds in Europe. The usual object and ultimate fate of National Banks in South America are well known to investors, and we hope that such bonds will not be offered to the public here.

Favourable traffic returns combined with the announcement of several excellent dividends gave strength to Home Railways, and a considerable advance in prices took place. As for American Railways, the public do not put much faith in them, and, if there is a further rise in bonds, many people are likely to reduce their holdings by selling them. New York selling, which was due to the apprehension of an increase of gold shipments in consequence of the dissolution of the Bond Syndicate, made the market weak. Canadian Pacific Shares, Grand Trunk Stocks, and Mexican Railways all showed a stronger tendency. South American Railways were firm and in good demand.

With the exception of Spanish Four per Cents the Foreign Market showed a general improvement. In South American securities there were numerous dealings. Brazilian loans were in great demand with Paris operators. The General Mining Market was steady, and a considerable amount of business was done. There was an advance in Indian and Copper shares, and West Australian Gold shares were in request at generally higher quotations. Silver fluctuated between 30½d. and 30¾d. per ounce.

## NEW ISSUES &c.

### THE BARNATO "BANK" MEETING.

#### A RENEWAL OF THE "CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE."

As we were the first to criticize Mr. Barnato's methods in connexion with the Barnato "Bank," so we may claim to be one of the few papers which have all along treated the matter with scrupulous fairness. Our last attack upon this "Bank" appeared on 14 December, and it was immediately followed by the announcement of Mr. Barnato's intention to hold a meeting of the shareholders. We then stated that we were glad the meeting was to be held, and that we should suspend our further criticisms until after it had taken place, a course of action which we have strictly adhered to. We are free to confess, however, that we thought that the Barnato "Bank" meeting would prove a very different function to that which we have just witnessed. We were certainly under the impression that Mr. Barnato was pledged to make a definite statement concerning the securities held by his so-called "Bank"—indeed, the official announcement of the meeting said that "a statement of the assets and business of the Corporation" would "be submitted." How has Mr. Barnato kept his word in this respect? Instead of a proper list of the securities held by the Bank, we have got merely the old general statement that the assets of the Bank include "interests" in the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, the Johannesburg Waterworks, the New Primrose Gold Mining Company, the New Rietfontein Estate Gold Mines, the Glencairn Gold Mining Company, the Glenlue Gold Mining Company, the Roodepoort Gold Mining Company, the Barnato Consolidated Mines, the De Beers Consolidated Diamond Mines, and the Jaegersfontein Diamond Mines. This information is not new, and it possesses the additional disadvantage of being extremely vague. What is the extent of the "interest" which Mr. Barnato's Bank has in the above-named Companies? And what are the other concerns in which the Bank is "interested," the names of which Mr. Barnato did not see fit to give to the meeting? Doubtless some such questions as these would have been asked on Tuesday had not Mr. Barnato and his adherents in the hall very effectually applied the "gag." We never attended such a curiously conducted meeting as that of the Barnato Banking Company. "Farical" would be a mild term to apply to the proceedings. Whether the majority of persons in the hall were shareholders or not, we should not care to express an opinion. Those present appeared to be completely carried away by Mr. Barnato's cool assurance, and by the emotional touches and snatches of cheap patriotism in which he freely indulged. The spectacle of Mr. Barnato burying his face in a pewter tankard, when moved almost to tears by recollections of his "dear" friend Dr. Jameson, was truly ludicrous; but it did not appear to excite any derision amongst his hearers. We cannot tell with what intentions Mr. Barnato came to this meeting, but it is certain that he succeeded in satisfying two-thirds of the assemblage without, in fact, giving them any cause for satisfaction. We do not, like some of our contemporaries, attribute this result to Mr. Barnato's "eloquence." Mr. Barnato is not eloquent, and he exhibits an exasperating disregard for orthodox aspirates which does not tend to make his discourse any smoother. Taken altogether, Mr. Barnato's address, which he read out from papers in front of him, suffered from a very ragged delivery. But, as we have said, imperfect as it was, and fallacious as were the arguments put into his mouth, Mr. Barnato's reading was received with a perfectly extraordinary amount of favour. It is true that the opposition present was small by comparison with Mr. Barnato's friendly forces; but it did not attempt to make itself heard until the end of the meeting, and then, as it turned out, it was too late. That these "silencing" tactics should have been allowed to succeed seems hardly credible. And yet it is a fact that at this meeting, which was supposed to have been convened purely and simply for the purpose of giving the shareholders some information concerning their property, not a single question was allowed! There were dozens of shareholders present



with pertinent questions ready to put, but not one of them was allowed a hearing.

Mr. Barnato's "reading" was, as we have suggested, very long, and very tedious—a flood of meaningless words; a mass of generalizations from which it was almost impossible to extract anything definite. Mr. Barnato touched very gingerly upon the question of the inflated prices at which his "Bank" shares were peddled out to the public, and, in a whining tone, he said, "You surely would not hold me responsible for that?" The meeting made no response, but Mr. Barnato must have peculiar ideas in regard to his responsibilities. We have never had two opinions as to where the big premiums on the Barnato "Bank" shares went to, and we would ask Mr. Barnato why, if, as he professes, he so strongly objected to the public paying a high price for his shares, he did not bring his Banking Company out in the customary way. Instead of doing this, and publishing a prospectus inviting applications for the shares from the general public, and then proceeding to allotment in the usual manner, he and his friends coolly pooled the shares, spread interested reports as to the attractively high price they were going to touch, and thus drew into their net that public which is now the object of Mr. Barnato's affectionate sympathy. He says that the fact of the public paying £3 10s. and £4 for his £1 "Bank" shares caused him a "great amount of anxiety and worry." What a dear, tender-hearted company-promoter!

Mr. Barnato made it his proud boast that he and his colleagues held two-thirds of the capital of the "Bank." Would Mr. Barnato venture to assert that they have held this amount of the shares from the outset? We do not think so. We do not doubt that Mr. Barnato and his friends now hold two-thirds of the capital, as he stated; but we shrewdly suspect that those two-thirds are almost wholly made up of shares which were once upon a time sold to the public at about £4, and have since been generously bought back again at about 25s.

Mr. Barnato must not think that the end is just yet. He carried everything before him at the Cannon Street Hotel on Tuesday last; but we can assure him that there is plenty of real "anxiety and worry" in store for him, as well as a vast amount of caustic criticism. He promised a list of the assets of his "Bank." He has given one, but he has omitted the material part—the amount of shares held in each of the securities specified. The shareholders know very little more about the Barnato "Bank" than they knew six months ago, and they certainly know nothing more than they did six weeks ago. Newspaper criticisms wrung some amount of information from Mr. Barnato; but the shareholders' meeting has elicited absolutely nothing. In point of fact, while commendably apprehensive of his critics in the Press, Mr. Barnato appears to laugh in his sleeve at the unfortunate people who have virtually invested their money in him.

#### HERBERT GOLD, LIMITED.

It is to be hoped that in the multitude of West Australian promotions which are promised in the near future there are not many schemes of the character of the Herbert Gold, Limited. This concern appears to be the promotion of a clique of persons who banded themselves together in August last year as the Albert Mines Syndicate, Limited. The capital of the Herbert Gold, Limited, is £75,000, and the price to be paid for the property to be acquired is £55,000. As this property only consists of 12 acres of ground, situated some three or four miles distant from Coolgardie, it is obvious that it is costing a very high price indeed. £6,250 per acre for what, from all we can see to the contrary, might very well turn out to be a mere "sheep run," seems strangely exorbitant, even from the company-promoter's point of view. Moreover, in view of the fact that it is a small five months' old "syndicate" of private individuals, who do not possess any special knowledge of gold-mining, who are asking the public to provide this large amount of money for this small quantity of acres, the price may well seem extraordinarily excessive. And as the sponsors of the concern appear to be deficient

in the experience necessary for the successful direction of a gold-mining company, so also would they seem to have lacked the ability to draw up a proper prospectus. Except for the fact that it contains a lawyer-like and stringent "waiver" clause, the prospectus of the Herbert Gold, Limited, can scarcely be said to be a prospectus at all. Even the reports on the property to be acquired are vague and unsatisfactory, and, read in conjunction with the "prospectus," really confusing. The want of unanimity displayed in regard to the gold-bearing qualities of certain "quartz" found on the Herbert acres is simply wonderful. In one part of the prospectus it is estimated that the quartz on the Herbert Lease will produce "9 oz. 9 dwts. 12 grs. per ton"; in another it is given at "17 oz. per ton" (!), while in the reports it is thrown in at "about 3 oz. per ton," "2 oz. 11 dwts. per ton," "2 oz. per ton," and "1 oz. 12 dwts. 19 grs. per ton." These curious statements are capped in the prospectus by the assertion that "Very large dividends may, therefore, be expected in the near future"! We cannot help thinking that the "near future" of this obviously amateur promotion is an exceedingly doubtful one, both as regards dividends and gold-production. We should be inclined to leave the indefinite resources of the Herbert acres to the intelligent gentlemen to whom they owe their discovery.

#### FREDERICK LENEY & SONS, LIMITED.

This Company does not appear to us to offer a desirable investment. The business to be taken over is that of a brewery, situate at Watlingbury, in Kent, and it is also stated that there is included in the transfer a hop and fruit farm and a gasworks, which have for some time past been used in connexion with the brewery. The business is stated to belong to a Mr. Augustus Leney, who is the vendor to the Company, and this gentleman is to receive as purchase-money in cash and shares the large sum of £235,000, out of a total share and debenture capital of £270,000. But as Mr. Augustus Leney is to be paid in respect of certain profits and interest an additional sum of £8,000, and as he is also to be relieved of liabilities which it is proposed that the Company shall take over, to the extent of £13,350 5s. 3d., he will, should this Company's appeal to the public prove successful, apparently receive a total sum of £256,350 5s. 3d. out of the share and debenture capital of £270,000 before-mentioned. This, as we read the prospectus, will leave the Company barely £15,000 for working capital, which, we must say, appears to us to be absolutely insufficient. We regard this promotion as an attempt upon the part of interested persons to rid themselves at an exceedingly high rate of profit of what may, or may not, be a profitable undertaking. Having said this much, it is only fair that we should add that a firm of accountants, whose names are given in the prospectus, have certified that £207,324 17s. 5d. was, on 1 August last, "a fair and reasonable" estimate of the value of the property now being disposed of to this Company. This firm of accountants have also stated that the "net profits" of the business for the three years ending 31 July, 1895, "averaged £17,133 per annum." But, as these profits were arrived at "before deducting interest on capital," it appears to us that it is scarcely accurate to term them "net" profits. Frankly, we do not like the manner in which this prospectus has been prepared. It gives us the impression that those responsible for it were not at all desirous of saying more than they could help about their arrangements, and it also appears to us that what little they did make up their minds to say they have not expressed ingenuously.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE REVOCATION OF THE CHARTER.

BY A SOUTH AFRICAN DIRECTOR.

IT is asserted, upon apparently good authority, that President Kruger and Mr. Hofmeyr, the leaders of the Dutch communities in the Transvaal and the Cape Colony, have demanded the revocation of the Royal Charter granted, in 1889, to the British South Africa Company. The Volksraad of the Orange Free State, the other Dutch community in South Africa, has passed

a resolution calling for the revocation of the Charter. The Committee for the defence of French interests in the Transvaal adopted on Tuesday, in Paris, a resolution urging their Government to use its friendly influence with England for the revocation of the Charter. What the temper of the English Radicals will be on the question when Parliament meets may be gauged from Mr. Labouchere's attitude, and from the letter of Mr. Philip Stanhope, M.P., in the "Times" of Wednesday. Mr. Stanhope is a man of considerable influence with the Radicals below the Gangway, and he writes in these terms:—"So far as the Transvaal is concerned, my previous view of Cecil Rhodes is, I am sorry to see, the correct one. I have never ceased denouncing our filibustering system in South Africa, and always believed that a day of reckoning was in store for the Chartered Company of South Africa. . . . It will, however, be necessary to terminate the Charter of the South Africa Company, and make arrangements to assume direct responsibility in those regions, as it is quite intolerable that England should be at the mercy of a financial ring where such vast interests are at stake." It may, therefore, be taken as certain that an attack will be made upon the Charter from various quarters, and that it will be impossible for Mr. Chamberlain to ignore those attacks. If there is to be a settlement of the South African question, some substantial concessions will have to be made to the demands of the Dutch in exchange for concessions to the Uitlanders. In the present position of European politics the Government must pay attention to representations from Paris; and the House of Commons has not yet become a *quantité négligeable*. I am far from saying the Charter ought to be revoked. I decline to express an opinion upon the point until I know more about the facts of the case. At present I confine myself to saying that the question of revoking the Charter will have to be considered by Mr. Chamberlain, and considered upon its merits, without any reference to those great ones of the earth who condescend to sit upon the Board of the South Africa Company, and who appear to be profoundly ignorant of its affairs.

The wildest misconception seems to prevail as to the meaning of revoking the Charter. The first thing to do, therefore, is to turn to the Charter itself, and to see for ourselves what provisions the Crown has made for revoking its grant in certain circumstances. The preamble recites, among other things, that "the Petitioners desire to carry into effect divers concessions and agreements which have been made by certain of the chiefs and tribes inhabiting the said region, and such other concessions, agreements, grants, and treaties as the Petitioners may hereafter obtain within the said region or elsewhere in Africa, with the view of promoting trade, commerce, civilization, and good government." In Clause 2 of the Charter, "The Company is hereby authorized and empowered to hold, use, and retain for the purposes of the Company, and on the terms of this our Charter, the full benefit of the concessions and agreements made as aforesaid, so far as they are valid, or any of them, and all interests, authorities, and powers comprised or referred to in the said concessions and agreements." I stop here to emphasize the fact that all the lands and mining rights of the Company are held under and upon the terms of the Charter. The Company's title is the Royal Charter, and not the writing of Lobengula. Just as all territory and treasure taken by British subjects in war belong to the Crown, so the Chartered Company has not an acre of land in South Africa except by the grace and favour of the Crown. Had the Company chosen to buy their rights or lands from Lobengula, and then to register themselves under the law of Joint-Stock Companies, they might, perhaps, have had a good title against the world, and they might have snapped their fingers at Mr. Chamberlain. But Mr. Rhodes and his fellow-concessionnaires had their own reasons for avoiding the harassing regulations of the Company law, and they preferred to incorporate themselves under a Royal Charter. They fancied, no doubt rightly, that the average Secretary of State for the Colonies would be a less rigorous censor than Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams. But they must take the consequences, which are that they hold all their lands

and mining rights as tenants by leave and license of the Crown during good behaviour, and that for failure to fulfil the terms of the Charter they are liable to be deprived of all that they have. Here are the clauses relating to the revocation of the Charter, or such parts of them as are material. Clause 33:—"And we do further will, ordain, and declare that it shall be lawful for us, Our heirs and successors, and we do hereby expressly reserve to Ourselves, our heirs and successors, the right and power by writing under the great seal of the United Kingdom, at the end of twenty-five years from the date of this our Charter, and at the end of every succeeding period of ten years, to add to, alter, or repeal any of the provisions of this our Charter, or to enact other provisions in substitution for or in addition to any of its existing provisions. Provided that the right and power thus reserved shall be exercised only in relation to so much of this our Charter as relates to administrative and public matters." Clause 35:—"And we do lastly will, ordain, &c., that in case at any time it is made to appear to us in our Council that the Company has substantially failed to observe and conform to the provisions of this our Charter, or that the Company is not exercising its powers under the concessions, agreements, grants, and treaties aforesaid, so as to advance the interests which the Petitioners have represented to us to be likely to be advanced by the grant of this our Charter, it shall be lawful for us, &c., and we do hereby expressly reserve and take to ourselves, &c., the right and power by writing under the great seal of the United Kingdom to revoke this our Charter, and to revoke and annul the privileges, powers, and rights hereby granted to the Company." It is plain that Clauses 33 and 35 are very different, and refer to different parts of the Charter. Clause 33 is political and non-punitive; Clause 35 is non-political and punitive. Clause 33 provides that at the end of a fixed period, and at regular subsequent periods, the Crown may modify or repeal the Charter so far as it relates to public and administrative duties. Clause 35 provides a punishment for misfeasance or non-feasance, and the rights, powers, and privileges which may be forfeited under this section can only be those conferred by section 2—namely, the land and mining rights. I do not know whether the Chartered Company has deserved any kind of punishment at the hands of anybody. But if the Chartered Company is to be punished at all, it must be under Clause 35, and not under Clause 33. Overzealous advocates of the Company, like the "Statist," have been so indiscreet as to point out that to deprive the Company of its political duties, while leaving its land and mining rights untouched, would be to relieve, not to punish, the Company. I can well believe that the Company would be glad enough to pass on its police duties and political responsibilities, which mean nothing but worry and expense, to the Imperial Government, while continuing to pocket its fifty per cent. of all mining profits. "Thank you, sir, very much," its Directors would say to Mr. Chamberlain; "we admit we have undertaken a task beyond our strength: we cannot police this vast empire; we cannot control our Jamesons and our Willoughbys; we will retire from political life with our 50 per cent. royalty and our shares at 1000 per cent. premium. We are very sorry we troubled you about a charter at all. Good-day!" But this was not the intention of Clause 35, and Mr. Chamberlain will have to deal with Clause 35 in the House of Commons, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes will have to deal with Clause 35 when he meets Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office. That the privileges, powers, and rights referred to in Clause 35 are not the administrative duties referred to in Clause 33, but are the mining rights and concessions referred to in the preamble and in Clause 2, is, I think, too clear for argument. The question is, has the Company "failed to observe and conform to the provisions of this our Charter," or has it not exercised its powers so as to advance the interests which it represented as likely to be advanced by the grant of the Charter? The answer to that question will depend on the evidence extracted from the ring-leaders at Johannesburg and from documents; for from Dr. Jameson and his men it may be assumed that no information will be obtained as to their principals. If the revocation of the Charter means anything, it means,



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# The Saturday Review

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